

Defying the Norm

by Illisandria Carthain

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Summary: When I got asked to join JÃ¶rmungadr, I knew it was my chance to ask Deadly Nadder out. Unfortunately, someone beat me to the punch by asking ME out: Night Fury. The worst bit? Night Fury is a guy. And he is persistent. Modern age AU. Sex, drugs, and Rock & Roll

1. Chapter 1

(A/N: Welcome to the first and much-anticipated chapter of "Defying the Norm", the "JÃ¶rmungadr Rising" rewrite. Consider it my little gift to you, this amazing piece of literature here. And if you cannot tell, I have been living in the Homestuck fandom as of late so my writing is very reminiscent of the common style there. I constantly had to correct my second-person and present-tense writing. And I'm afraid you can't expect too frequent an update schedule, and I'm sorry. RL is kicking my butt and I was lazy to begin with soâ€¦I suppose I can try. No promises though! Also, many thanks to inuyashas-grrl97 for the motivation and the eventual cover art. :3 THANKS LOVE! Nowâ€¦on to the only warning and disclaimer you will get through this entire series (partially because I hate making these warnings, and partially because...well...I'm lazy)!)

**Â¡DISCLAIMER!

>I, Illisandria Carthain, do not claim anything in this story that you recognize. How to Train Your Dragon the series belongs to Cressidia Cowell and _How to Train Your Dragon_ the movie and TV series _Riders of Berk_ belong to Dreamworks SKG. Anything you see that comes from either of these two sources are not mine. However, the song lyrics by JÃ¶rmungadr are written by me, as are some of the characters (yes, there are OCs; they're SUPPORTIVE only).

>Â¡DISCLAIMER!**

**Â¡WARNING!

>This story, in its entirety, is an M-rated AU and therefore will contain copious amounts of some, if not all, of these things: soft drug use/hard drug abuse, sex/mentions of sex/explicit descriptions of sexual situations, rape of both men and women, mentions of sexual paraphernalia, phallic/morbid/disgusting or otherwise offensive imagery, racist jokes, gay jokes/slang/bashing, religion wars, lots and lots of colorful language, sarcasm out the wazoo, teenage hormones and drama and other teenage shit, alcohol, parties that your parents never let you go to because they thought you'd get completely smashed (and they were right), swearing, emotional tension, familial issues, homosexuality, heterosexuality, bisexuality, way too much sexuality, cursing, MMORPGs, examples of bullying (verbal, physical, and emotional), abuse (physical, mental, emotional, and sexual), politics (did I mention there are naughty words?), seven-letter-words, mentions of/contraction of sexually transmitted diseases, possible character death, sloppy makeouts, filling of all four quadrants (although not necessarily directly mentionedâ€¦let the shipping begin!), the Talk, self-harm, internet shenanigans, typical fame-based bullshit, adultery, crossdressing, genderbending, human!Toothless, names you may not recognize but actually belong to someone you know, mental-disorders, high school, and general M-rated naughtiness. If any of these things bother you, may be triggers, or make you uncomfortable then turn away. Matters such as rape and self-harm are not taken lightly here, while all others are usually humorous. Flames do not bother me because if CU decides to hate on me, I can always move this to AO3 when my account gets approved. That is all.

>Â¡WARNING! **

NORMAL IS BORING **â€" DEFY EXPECTATIONS**

Berk High School is the very definition of Hell. Honestly, look up the word in your nearest dictionary and you will find a picture of a decrepit, run-down, disgusting schoolhouse with the caption "_Abandon hope, all ye who enter here_." If you think that's a joke, that you can't judge a book by its cover, then you are horribly mistaken.

"Oh," you say, "surely it can't be that bad," you argue. "The building's horrifying front is just that, a front used to scare off any that are unworthy to step into its lavish halls and begin the wonderful art of learning in an unbiased environment," you surmise.

Bull. Shit.

The hallways are anything but lavish and, supposedly were once a white color, but that's rather hard to believe considering the paint has long peeled off and the walls are now a combination of cinderblock-grey and rotting-wood-green. The carpeting looks like my grandmother's cat before she died of mange and the tile is so scuffed that you tend to make it _cleaner_ by kicking at it. The roof leaks _everywhere_, when it holds out any water at all; the pipes rattle and groan like zombies are trying to crawl from their bowels, hungry for human flesh; the bathrooms are clogged up or covered in shit ninety-nine times out of one hundred; if the windows close, they don't open and if they open, they'll never close again; the thermostat is so broken that outside is actually _warmer_ in the winter and _cooler_ in the summer compared to the classrooms; the gymnasium is more of a health hazard than the bathrooms, what with

all the massive amounts of broken equipment everywhere; the lunch room is like a roach hotel except when they check in, you'll never check out again. Supposedly, the animals you dissect in biology are actually caught in the building itself, and most of them come from the kitchen. And that's just the building.

There's only one math teacher and he's as old as numbers himself. You'd be lucky if he remembers to put on his pants, let alone grade your finals. The history teacher belongs in the Middle Ages with how prudish she is. Granted, it's not like everyone is vying for a glance at her A-cups, but the lady wears a chastity belt for God's sake. There are two science teachers: one teaches biology and anatomy and the other teaches general and life sciences and both are as mad as a hatter. The bio-slash-anatomy teacher is a nymphomaniac and a necrophile and likes to prostate himself before the entire class. Yes, himself. The life-slash-general science teacher is a mad scientist and brings in her latest "experiments" to test on the students. The gym teacher is a she-male who almost runs by the Mean Girls book when it comes to health classes. "You will get Chlamydia and die", end-quote. The literary arts teacher is the most normal one there: she's a vegan hippy with a thing for hardcore drug use and radical liberalism.

And there is no such thing as unbiased opinion there. The jocks scare/sex the teachers into getting good grades, the nerds earn their grades, and everyone else fails because they aren't "good enough".

So please, reiterate that "books should not be judged by their covers" line; because this book's contents seem to be as nasty as the outside.

So, in short: Hell is for Berk High School.

****BE UNIQUE **â€" DON'T LET OTHERS GET YOU DOWN******

Okayâ€|maybe I was exaggerating. However, I will point out that every teenager has gone through high school, and each and every one believes that their school is the portal to the fourth dimension. Most of them are just as wrong as I am, and just as bored.

I should have the advantage here! My dad designs MMOs for a living, I have an IQ above average and I have stellar grades, yet I cannot find a single thing to do for the last five minutes before the bell rings to dismiss us for fifth period. My life sucks ass and I am powerless to stop it from devouring that sweet nougat-y center being evicted from failure's bung-holeâ€"and yes, ladies and gentlemen, I just went with the scat joke. Thankfully, Fishlegs takes this moment to text me, interrupting my wallowing with awkward vibrations a tad too close to my Johnny-boy.

****hey hiccup****

****you up for some mad gaming tonight?****

****or are you going to wallow in self pity again, eating marshmallow peeps and listening to deadly nadder croon your favorite love songs as you whack off to a mental image of her undressing****

****and just as she gets in close, some of the marshmallow fluff gets**

all sticky, preventing further guilty pleasures**

and you have to go wash it off but when you finish, the moments gone.

That ass-hat

"**No, I figured I'd whack off to the image of you getting it up the ass with Horrorcow**

Your fingers twining in his hair

His breath coming in pants

He calls your name

'**Fishlegs' he groans**

**And then you **

**Jizz **

In

**Your **

Pants

Because that will never happen.

Horrorcow is as tight as an alligator's jaw

Never gonna put out

EVER

My phone buzzes again and I grin, here comes the shitstormâ€|

"**you bastard!**

i wanted that so bad!

how DARE you write me/horrorcow porn via text!

"**Then don't be a jerk." **I stop and think for a minute and then shoot Fishlegs one last text before the bell rings: **"And yes, I will be gaming tonight. Same server as always.**

Fifth was Phys-Ed and, despite what I said about the school facilities, we have a pretty sweet gymnasium. Top-of-the-line equipment, pristine floors, and an excellent coach; anything an active teenager could ever want. It's the students that are the problem.

Almost one-hundred-percent of the bullying done in Berk High School occurred in the locker rooms of the gymnasium. Teenage girls went home crying on a daily basis, nerds got swirlies and wedgies and rat-tailed into a world of pain and stinging welts, and the smaller, weaker kids were laughed at for their inadequacies. The locker rooms are a swirling torrent of pain and suffering and that is why I am

deeply grateful I have fifth period Phys-Ed; I get to go home after that particularly harrowing daily experience.

Today we had a rousing game of dodgeball and I was covered head to ass in slowly-darkening bruises. I was the target for the day, on and off the court, and so I was glad when the day was over. As per the norm, I had waited until everyone was gone before I entered the showers to soak and change into my street clothes. I pulled the curtain closed behind me and stepped into the stream of steaming hot water and sighed; thank God I live a short walk away from school, that way I can take my own sweet time and not miss my dad yelling about how Big-Boobied-Bertha's breast physics are messed up again. It is one of the most amusing parts of my day.

As I scrubbed my hair free of any hormone-induced oil, I began to sing one of my favorite Jǫrmungandr songs "Odin's Wisdom". "I traded my eye for all the things I cannot see. My ravens cry for blood as I am chained to this tree. What I gave for knowledge will haunt me. What I got was more than enough to taunt me. My wisdom was ill-gotten. My suff'ring will never be forgotten. I learned the truth of ev'rything that breathes and lives on Miðgard. I worked so hard and earned this wisdom."

Suddenly I heard a peal of soft laughter and someone hiss "No, shhâ€|shut up! He's gonna hear us!"

Fuck it allâ€|dammitâ€|not them __**again**__! Haven't I suffered enough already? _From the sounds of their snickering, probably not. "You guys are dickheads! Do you really want me to tell your slut-ass girlfriend that you've been spying on me in the showers because you have a big homo-crush on me?"

From outside the translucent shower curtain, I saw someone straighten up and step away, "Yeah, right! Like I'd want to see your skinny ass you under-endowed faggot!" The bully began to walk off only to turn around and laugh, "And for your information, she is not a slut! â€|skinny-dick cum-suckerâ€|"

That's going on the internet I assumeâ€|_The only reason the posse of bullies would even be caught dead watching some other guy in the shower is if they were filming it and going to put it on YouTube. So I suppose there goes the last living part of my high school credentials. Like I had much living cred to begin with. _Whateverâ€|_I got out of the shower and put on my clothes, relieved that my underwear was still thereâ€|the last incident with the posse resulted in my underwear hanging from the flagpole, which was immature but effective. Once I was dressed, I grabbed my backpack and started my pilgrimage home. About half of the way there, my phone went off with the familiar ringtone indicating Fishlegs. "_So JK JK JK LOLLOL; I heart your fucking makeup. Oh my God I love your hair. Is that a new tattoo? Did your piercing fucking hurt? So JK JK JK LOLLOL."

"Hello."

"_Oh-em-gee, Hiccup, you will not believe this!"_

"What?" I will admit, as much as I like my bisexual buddy, he is a notorious gossip-whore, so anytime he calls me and it starts out with "oh-em-gee" I know it's gotta be someone's dirty secret coming out

into the realm of teenage gossip.

"_So Horrorcow and I were sitting around, making out and stuff, when he gets a call from his ex and **guess what**!"_

"What?"

"_Noooooooooo, you have to guess!"_

I sighed, _dammit Fishlegs, this is so not the time for this! _"The bitch gave him HIV?"

Fishlegs shrieked in disapproval, _"No! Turns out, at one point he knocked her up and she had the baby!"_ _Oh holy Hell! "So her dad is instigating a shotgun wedding! Either Horrorcow marries the chick and takes care of her and her baby or he pops a cap in his ass!"_

"And you sound _so_ upset about this!"

"_I am! I'm so mad! Nothing can express the amount of madness I'm feeling! It's just!,"_ there's a long pause followed by a sigh.

"It's just _what_?" Even though he couldn't see me, I had one eyebrow arched in what Fishlegs liked to call the "what-the-fuck-are-you-trying-to-say" eyebrow thing.

"_I! I don't know," his voice fell from its usual chipper falsetto and he sighed again, this time through his nose. Then he sniffled a little, "_My relationship with Horrorcow has gotten stagnant and you were right, he __**won't**__ put out and I guess I'm just sexually frustrated or something because "and I swear to Loki hierself that I will smack the ever-loving __**shit**__ out of you if you tell __**anyone**__ about this"but I've been thinking about other guys and girls when I masturbate because I can never picture him naked and when I do! it's just disappointing_."

**Too. Much. Information.** Shut the __**hell**__ up Fishlegs!_ I tried to sound as concerned as I could without letting on to how squicked out I really was, "Well who _have_ you! masturbated to?" _Dear God, please tell me I did not just ask my friend that! we're supposed to tell each other everything but that's a bit __**too**__ much_. Then it hit me;_ please don't say me, __**please**__ don't say me, __**please don't say me**__!_

"_We-ell!," Fishlegs sucked his teeth for a second, making a small "_**tch**_" sound, "_Billy James, Andrea Sarkasion, Peter Jameson, Jacqi Terrance, Lyron Tyler, Donovan Dirk, David Dirk, the Stryker triplets! all at the same time!"_

_Shut up, shut __**up**__, __**shut up!**__ _I didn't need to know that Fishlegs! thankfully I have a large supply of Brain-Bleach at home._ There was nothing in this world scarier than walking in on your dad whacking away to your supposedly "hidden" porn tapes. Except this, apparently.

Fishlegs was still talking, even after listing the first ten people. The boy had some serious unresolved sexual tension. If I wasn't a

bigger virgin than him, I would have just hooked him up with a hooker and told him to make sure the condom made her feel good; but I've never even seen a vagina, let alone fingered one like Fishlegs. And don't even get me started on Fishleg's supposed "abso-fucking-lutely a_ma_zing" oral skills. Both male and female recipients say that nine times out of ten, they come first when he's on the giving end. How he got those skills are none of my business and I liked to leave it that way since Fishlegs is a bit touchy about his home life. Everyone else's home life is free game apparently, but his is so off-limits that if you even think about it, warning bells go off and you get arrested by the mind-your-own-damn-business police.

"â€_Nichole Euring, Chriss Allen, Sam Drake, Lacie-Lynn Smith, Seren Amp,"_ and he was still goingâ€|how the hell does he do that?

"Fishlegs, look, I'd love to hear about who you masturbated toâ€"and it sounds like you've done it to just about every person in Berkâ€"but we need to work on your issue with Horrorcow. If he's going to marry that bitch, what are you going to do?"

Fishlegs stopped and sobbed slightly. And here come the waterworksâ€|_ "_Probably __**diiiiieee!*_"

Shit, shit, __**shit**__! "Look, just calm down and log on. I'll be home in a minute and I'll help you there while we slaughter some Erlking-spawn. Sound good?" Over the line I could hear Fishlegs' wailing increase. Dammit!_

He hiccupped a couple of times and then snorked a huge goober back in his nose with a wet noise that made me gag. "_B-but Iâ€|_"

"_**Darren Elton Ingerman**__! You shut your God-fucking-damn whining __**this instant**__!" Faint in the background echoed the raucous shrieks of the elusive and much-hated beast known as "that fat cunt" or "Mrs. Ingerman". "_Because if you don't__**, so help me God**__, I will come up there and __**show**__ you how to be quiet again __**and we don't want that do we**__?"_

"_**No ma'amâ€|,**_ Fishlegs shouted loudly back at the twatzilla he called a maternal figure, "_Sorry Hiccup, gotta' go. Talk to you on the 'net, alright? XOXO hon_!" Then the line went dead.

"Bye 'Legs," I finished lamely. Then, slipping my phone in my pocket, I dashed towards home because there's only one thing worse than Fishlegs when he's depressed, and that's Fishlegs when he's depressed and his mother is home. I had bandaged one-too-many scars to be poking that bear again. Nope, not this time. So many fucks would be given that they would have to declare it "fuck-hunting season" just to keep the population of wild fucks at a reasonable level.

Shit was just about to go down and I was gonna be there when it hit the fan and sprayed all over every inch of this small town. Every. Last. Inch.

2. Chapter 2

**(A/N: Hello once again and thank you to all who reviewed! Below

lies the latest chapter for "Defying the Norm" and I hope you will all enjoy it. Before I start, however, I would like to give you a heads-up. I am female in all my physical glory and, as such, I know nothing of the male anatomy past my High School health class and the yaoi I like to read here on FFN. Therefore, in any and all sex scenes that will be featured here, expect them to be no better than your average porno written by a teenager. Do not expect "Fifty Shades of Grey" nor should you expect a trollfic yaoi knockoff like most of the yaoi in the Homestuck fandom. (And please ignore the fact that I just used "Fifty Shades of Grey" as a positive porn example) Now...enjoy the show. :3)**

**HELLO AGAIN
>

"Fuck me up the ass with a stick so sharp I shit my lungs out of my new rectum."

"_That was descriptive._"

"Fuck you. Your Beserk is doing just damn fine."

"_It's not my fault! Your Dragonkin just has shitty health!_"

"It is your fault." I killed the Kobold next to my Dragonkin warrior and quickly used its blood as a healing balm. In the background, Fishlegs's Beserk was beheading Kobold and Gnome alike with one single swipe of his double-headed axe.

"_How?!_" I winced and adjusted my headpiece with one hand, killing more Kobold as they showed up.

"You were distracting me while I was trying to pull off 'Blazinge Fyre' by talking about Andrew Hunter!"

"_Well_, " Fishlegs chopped a Gnome in halfâ€"hotdog style, not hamburgerâ€"and squeaked as he collected the loot, "_A Lich-stone! Finally! I thought I'd never get one! Anyway," _he continued, tangent forgotten,_ "He totally came up to me and called me a genderfluid cock-sucker! What was I supposed to do?!_"

"Not tell him you yiffed his furfag girlfriend-slash-cumslut. Try that for a change." I stabbed a Kobold and bathed in its blood again, regaining health. "You'll live longer."

"_Hey! For your information,_ " another five Kobold and Gnomes down, "_I didn't say I yiffed his furfag cumslut-girlfriend, I said I saw his cumslut-girlfriend yiffing an old dude in a bear suit."_

"Pedobear? Really?" Sometimes Fishlegs has the worst imagination ever.

"_I never said I was creative, just caustic._"

"And a gossip-whore," I amended. I could feel his shriek of disapproval.

"_You bastard! I am not a gossip-whore!_"

"Are too."

"_Am not!_"

"Are too~!"

"_Am-fucking-not!_"

"Are-assfucking-too."

"_Fuck you!_" I heard something clatter on his side of the line and froze.

"What was that?" My Dragonkin staggered as he took hit after hit from the massive Gnomon that had formed before us. "Why aren't you helping me?"

"_Because gossip-whores don't help assholes, they suck them dry of their information and then leave them to wallow in their self-pity._" Hoo-boy! He was pissed! Mayday! Mayday! Employ emergency retreat skills!

"Look, Fishlegs, I'm sorry, alright?" I was going for an Oscar while getting the ever-loving shit beat out of me by a giant monster made of Gnomes; major respect ladies and gentlemen! "I didn't mean gossip-whore in a bad context, just as in you like to collect bad news and hoard it like a dragon."

One big, whopper of a pause later, Fishlegs sighed, "_Nope_~!"

"What?! Why the hell not?!"

He giggled as I watched my Dragonkin's health drop lower and lower, "_Because that was a poor excuse a~nd,_" he laughed again, a sharp bark that reminded me of when I tickled him until he peed himself, "_I'll forgive you and help you when you give me some information. A 'rumour' if you will. I do have a hoard to keep up."_

Shit fuck shit! Fuck fuck shit! Fuck shit fuck! Shit! Why the hell can't I just keep my mouth shut? An internal struggle ensued until my poor Dragonkin's health was in the red. "Fine! Fine...I have a book of songs I keep in my bedroom that I've written for me and Nadder to sing when we form a duo!"

"_Something I didn't know!_" Damn him, damn him to the deepest regions of hell that's reserved for ass-pirates!

"Sometimes when I am going to sleep, I have to sing a lullaby my mom used to sing when I was little. It's about a young boy, 'no bigger than a hiccup' who tamed a dragon and saved his village. It makes me feel like I'm safe 'cause she's still here. Happy?" Talking about Mom hurt. It always did.

Sympathy flooded Fishlegs's voice as he healed my PC and attacked the Gnomon, "_Yeah...look, Hiccup? I'm sorry about making you talk about your mom like that. I didn't mean for you to give me a secret about her."_

"They're the only secrets I don't tell you." I was bitter, yeah, but

I had every right to be. Soon, during a bout of angry silence, the Gnomon was defeated and we gathered the EXP and loot, levelling up and skedaddling out. I logged off without saying goodbye and threw my headset against the wall, screaming loudly.

Stomping up the stairs, my dad poked his head in the doorframe, bearded face contorted in worry. "Hiccup! Wha's th' matter?"

"Nothing...", I grunted.

My bed creaked as he sat down on it, "I's somethin', ah can tell."

"I said it's nothing! Now leave me the fuck alone!" Rage flooded my chest, causing my heart to ache; why the hell couldn't he just drop it? I didn't want to talk to him, or anyone for that matter! "God, Dad, why don't you get it?! I want to be left alone! Not asked how I'm doing, or how my day was, but to be left the ever-loving fuck alone!" He recoiled, hurt flitting across his features, his body slumping under the weight of my words, and stood up.

"Okay son...Ah'll leave ya' alone...jus' wanted ta' make sure ya' were fine an' not hurtin'."

"Dad, no, wait!" I went to grab him but he had already closed my door. Instead, I slammed my head into the wall, tears forming in my eyes. "Dammit! Why am I such a cock-up?!" I slid down the wall to sit on my carpeted floor, "Why am I such a cock-up?...everything I touch turns to shit..."

****DO NOT DESPAIR IN YOUR SINGULARITY**
>

I woke up to a loud ringtone, "JK _JK JK LOLLOL. I heart your fucking makeup, oh my God I love your hair! Is that a new tattoo? Did that piercing fucking hurt? So JK JK JK LOLLOL_!"

"What?" I croaked as I smushed the phone against my face.

"_Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the third, how dare you not tell me something like this! I am, quite frankly, rather astounded that you did not notify me first! Usually I get told all the cool things about your life..." Fishlegs was chipper as usual at...five in the morning.

I groaned, "Fishlegssssss, it's five a.m...why are you doing this to meeee? I forgive you, alright?"

He shrieked and I nearly threw the phone halfway across the room, "_You mean you don't know?!_"

"Don't know what?" _Oh, mighty gossip-whore, lend me your amazing knowledge!_

"_There's a video on YouTube called 'nerdy fag singing norse rock bullshit in the shower' and it got a ton of comments! You should see it! It features yo~u!_" Fishlegs sang out, as if that would get me to change my mind.

It did. "Fine, but I have to get off the phone first. Call you back later 'Legs!" I hung up before he could say anything else and trudged over to my computer. "Le'see...username: hiccough...password: legs-is-my-bitch...Google Chrome...YouTube...search: 'fag singing Norse rock'...three thousand results...narrow down results to posted this week and...here it is. 'nerdy fag singing norse rock bullshit in the shower'. One million plus reviews?!" Absolutely shocked by the outcome, I clicked the 'play' button and watched the poor-quality video of me singing run. Then I surfed the comments. A good majority of them said things like "_This kid has a nice voice!_" or "_wow! wuta faggut!1!1!_"_. Then I got to a comment that stopped my heart dead in my chest.

"_Whoever this is obviously has an excellent grasp on the finer points of music. I would like to meet with this 'nerdy fag' as soon as possible. Anyone who has information on his whereabouts, please send me a private message._" It was by someone under the username "Renson-Fang".

Renson-Fang?

Renson...Fang...

Fang...Renson...

Fang Renson?

Could it be the Fang Renson? Manager of JǼrnmungadr, father of Night Fury, man in charge of all things Nadder-related? If so, that was so cool! Fang Renson thought I was a good singer! But...no one would bother telling him. Who would let some stranger know about a kid he saw on the 'net?

I typed up a quick message and sent it to Fishlegs, "Saw it. Saw the comment. To depressed to verbally talk."

My text-message tone went off, "_Nngh-message for you sir..._"

"_why_"

"No one's gonna tell him who I am! He'll never know it was me!"

"_so? dont be depressed bout that! its lame!_"

"Look. I'm going back to bed."

"_what if i told you i knew someone had told him_"

"Did you?"

"_maybe..._"

"Goodnight 'Legs."

"_night darling!_"

I slapped my phone back into the charger and rolled into bed. My life. Was officially. Fucked up. Beyond reason. The end.

Sigh.

Hopefully tomorrow was going to be better.

(Here's a spoiler: it wasn't really too much better.)

****BEAR WITH IT, IT WILL CHANGE SOON****

I was watching the TV as the sun rose and stopped to look over at the person next to me. Night Fury smiled and waved at me, emerald eyes squinting into crescents as his high cheekbones pushed up. His hair was a glossy black that cascaded over his ears and around his face, framing it perfectly. He laughed at something on the program we were watching and then turned to me, "So, aren't you glad Father found you? You seem to fit in well."

I blushed for some reason and looked down, "It's not like I would have done anything productive with my life anyway...so I guess so."

Night Fury cackled, head thrown back in a full blown laugh, and replied, "Turning into a tsundere Hiccup?" His eyes crossed and he said in a poor mockery of my voice, "'B-baka...it's not like I like you or anything sempai...so here are these flowers...cause they smell...like you!'" He cackled again, an unattractive sound and yet my blush intensified.

"Sh-shut up!" I wanted to curse and scream and yell but all I did was fold in on myself, scrunching into a ball and tucking my chin into my chest.

"Bawww, did he hurt your feelings Hiccup?" Both of Hideous Zippleback walked in, arms thrown around each other's shoulders, grinning like complete douchebags.

"Poor baby, can't even handle a simple teasing," one half said.

"I can make a man out of you," the other half murmured throatily, leaning in and wiggling his eyebrows to emphasise the innuendo.

"Back off you harpies! If anyone is going to make a man out of Hiccup, it's going to be me!" Deadly Nadder shoved the twins out of the way and sat down next to me, glaring at Night Fury. "Hiccup baby," she crooned, "Why don't you just sit back and get comfortable?"

I shrieked and scrambled away, every inch of my hormonal teenage body repulsed by the idea of even having her touch me in private places. Why? Wasn't having her love me my dream? So why did I hate the thought of her touching me so much? And why did being around Night Fury make me feel so much better? Could it be...?

Night Fury smiled predatorily at Deadly Nadder and Hideous Zippleback and said plainly, "If you so much as touch him, I will shank you in the back with a shiv so quick, you won't even be able to bleed to death." Then he draped his arm over my shoulder and brushed his soft, slender fingers against my cheek slowly, tracing circles with the pads of his index finger. My body arose to the occasion and suddenly I found myself naked in bed with Night Fury, his slender, nude form

above me, poised for entry and ready for action. "Bite down Hiccup, I'm going in dry."

I moaned and bucked as he entered my ass, pleasure and pain mixing and intertwining to become ecstasy and bliss. I bled and I came, screaming his name as he emptied into me. Then he pulled out and licked my stomach, tongue probing my navel and lingering at my hipbones.

He bit down, none-too-gently and smiled at what was blossoming into a dark bruise. "Mine," he purred. "Now," sighing, he rolled over and wrapped his muscular legs around my waist, "Your turn."

I stared, a rational part of my mind screaming at me to stop there but the more powerful voice was lust. I positioned myself at his mouth and said, "Suck." He grinned at me and engulfed me to the base of my shaft, sucking and pulling until precum glistened at my head and I was thoroughly lubricated. "Now," I growled in his ear, "what is it you wanted?"

"Fuck me." His voice was quavery, ridden with longing and broken with pants.

"With pleasure." I entered him and bucked, feeling his rectal muscles clench hard around my member, drawing at the sensitive skin and sending shivers up my spine. We rocked, bodies clashing, names moaned and pants causing the air around us to heat. When I was done, I sucked him off, teeth scraping at his member and swallowing when he was done as well. Then we lay in bed together, spooning for all we were worth.

"I love you Hiccup." Night Fury sighed in contentment.

"Iâ€œ"

Woke up, face covered in sweat and morning wood present and accounted for. Well, this was new. Not the whole "wet-dream" thing; the "gay sex with Night Fury" thing. But, I suppose I could always pass it off as Fishlegs's bad influence. First things first, however. I needed to get my little soldier at ease. Then I would kill Fishlegs.

Time for some Kleenex and a laytex glove.

3. Chapter 3

(A/N: Sorry about the massive wait, I'll try and update as fast as possible but, with as much as I have on my plate as it is, it may be a while between chapters. Anyway, I wanna thank y'all for hanging on and waiting for me to write, it means a whole shittion to me. If you haven't noticed yet: I'm rewriting "A Dragon and His Not-Viking". The name of it is now "The Truth About Shadows" and it's a little more my current style than ADaHNV was (i.e. loquacious and descriptive on top of more of an extensive universe created for me). I want to thank all of you for voting for my HtTYD fics on my poll, that's what made me continue this instead of focusing on my newer fanfictions. So, enjoy Hiccup beating on Fishlegs for his gay wet dream!)

I smacked Fishlegs upside the head repeatedly. "You gay asshole!" Each syllable was accented with sequentially harder Gibbs-slaps.

He cackled, "I can't...believe it! You had a...wet dream...about Night Fury of all people!"

I slapped a hand across his mouth, "Shut up! Do you want everyone to know?!" His tongue dragged across my fingers, slicking them up enough for me to let go and wipe them on his shirt. "Gross..."

"Soâ€" Fishlegs crooned as he leaned close to me in the commons area, "â€"what was it like?"

"Like a normal, heterosexual wet dream, but with a guy. You know: penis, meet ass. Ass, enjoy penis's company because you're gonna regret it later. 'Unf, you're so hard!' Blah, blah, blah..." I gesticulated as I spoke, hands lazily waving about and air-quoting. Fishlegs' smile widened as he heard this.

"You enjoyed it!"

"No I didn't! That, sir, is an egregious falsehood!" My rebuttal caused several of the 'losers-slash-nobodies' that occupied this quarter of the commons to stare at me with intense dislike andâ€"in the case of the scene kidsâ€"angsty glowering. Fishlegs just tittered and clutched his copy of Cosmo to his chest.

"Don't lie to me~e! You loved it!" I smacked him one more time, just as the bell rang. Upon hearing the bland tone, Fishlegs dashed off towards his first periodâ€"halfway across the buildingâ€"and I sauntered off towards my math class on the bottom floor.

Closer, yes, but far less enjoyable than Fishlegs' drama class. Whiny-ass lucky bitch.

****FORGET THE STATUS QUOâ€"BE HAPPY WITH YOURSELF****

A boring Algebra II class coupled with the devastating double bÃ¶ring reach-around of US History and Law classes form a multi-dimensional black hole of dull in my day. Seriously, watching grass grow would've been more provocative and productive than listening to Morris "Mildew" McAllistaire drone on and on about tort laws in the modern age. Thankfully my freedom came in the form of 3D Art and Animation with Fishlegs.

It may have seemed as though I finally had a reprieve; however, tragedy struck before so much as one little sphere could be properly rendered.

I had just planted my ass in one of the painfully hard plastic school chairsâ€"which exist sheerly to pulverise student's tailbonesâ€"when the intercom beeped on. "I need Darryl Ingerson and Jonathan Haddock to the principal's office immediately."

Shit.

Hoisting my book-bag over my shoulder and heaving myself out of the plastic ass-elevator, I trudged to the door of my animation class. The jeers and catcalls of my so-called 'young adult' classmates followed me and Fishlegs as we closed the door behind us.

The hallway had never seemed so ominous before.

"Why do you look so happy? Do you have any idea what my dad's gonna do to me when he finds out that I had to go to the office today?!" Fishlegs' wide grin was pissing me off. Seriously, how the Hell was he not as tweaked as I was?!

Fishlegs simply shrugged and smiled wider, "I think you'll be fine."

"Fine?" Hysterical, I wasn't hysterical! Concerned, yes, but definitely not hysterical. "You know how your momâ€" I refused to call Mrs. Ingerman 'that fat cunt' in school, mainly because of chatty teachers " â€"gets when you even get a B! You, of all people, should be terrified!"

"I think," he emphasised, "we'll be fine."

Still not convinced, I trudged into the office, where Thuggory MacHine was sitting angrily in theâ€"dubbed by the massesâ€" 'Chair of Shame' in front of Principal O'Hare's private office area. He glowered at me and I just waved cheekily.

"Smash Sydney's calculator against his skull again, Thuggory?" Fishlegs singsonged. Thuggory glared harder and we knocked on the door to O'Hare's office.

"Is that you, Jonathan?" Internally groaning, I sighed deeply and responded in the positive. "Good then, come in! You and Darryl!"

We crossed the Point of No Return, stepping into the Outcast Lands. Sitting at his desk, facing us and blocking the sunlight coming from the singular window, was principal Alvin O'Hare. His hooked nose, bald head, thin frame, and beady eyes often left the students with the impression that they were sitting across from a ravenous weasel. And that the weasel was plotting their imminent doom.

Across from him, in a high-backed, plush, rolling, office chairâ€"the kind that often led to memories of childhood follyâ€"was a short and serious Asian man.

He looked way too familiar for this to be a coincidence.

"Now," his snake-oil-salesman voice was turned up to eleven...something was definitely up, "Jonathan, normally we don't allow strangers to check students out of school without prior permission from the child's legal guardian or parentsâ€" lies and slander "â€"but we figured that, with Mr. Renson here, we could afford to make an exception."

Hold the phone. Renson? Fang Renson?

Cue the internal fangirl squealing.

Fishlegs' grin was wide and finally keyed me in to what was going on. "You douche!" Not one remark was made about my language, surprisingly. "I can't believe you kept this from me! How did youâ€"?!"

"Even a gossip-whore may hoard a secret or two," he tried to sound sage and Jedi-like, and was completely perfect. Completely. Fucking.

Perfect.

"I love you. No homo."

"I love you too. Homo totally intended." Oh you...

O'Hare cleared his throat, "A-hem! Boys. Now is not the time."

Believe it or not, the entire time throughout our little "no-homo-yes-homo" sappy, queer, brofest, Fang-motherfucking-Renson sat thereâ€"chill as the chilliest of cucumbersâ€"smiling slightly. When Principal O'Hare finished his throat-clearing, Fang began, his voice a mere rumble of thunder in the distance.

"I spoke to your friend onlineâ€"Darryl, was it?" Fishlegs nodded eagerly, much to O'Hare's chagrin, "He told me you're quite the JÃ¶rmungadr fan."

"Um...yeah, I am...I'm a huge fan!" My attempts to quash my overenthusiastic fanboying failed miserably.

Fang seemed mildly amused to O'Hare's put-off air, "Indeed. Well, as he may have informed you, I enjoyed your performance on YouTube. You have the quality and control to be great." Oh God, oh God, oh God! "I came here today because I have a question for you. Unfortunately, due to circumstance and prying earsâ€" the comment he made was directed at O'Hare, who reddened and sat back in his chair, "â€"I have requested to check you out to further discuss this with you. I hope it's okay with you that I do this, Jonathan."

"Hiccup," I manage to squeak out, "Just call me Hiccup. Everyone does."

"Hiccup then," Fang's tone and his face remained impassive, but I was still fangirling internally. I nodded in response to his request, then realised something.

"Uh...Mr. Fang?"

"Call me Fang; if I am to call you Hiccup, you must be equally informal with me. It's only right."

"...Fang," my mouth was dry, why was my mouth dry? "I'll go on one condition."

One of his perfectly man-scaped eyebrows arched in surpriseâ€"at least I hope it was surprise, "Yes?"

"Fishlegs goes with me." At his confused expression, I gestured to Fishlegs and prompted, "Darryl?"

"Ah, of course." Wait, did he just agree to my terms? "He is my informant so I did have plans to bring him along."

"Wait just a second," Principal O'Hare interrupted, "you can't check Jonathan and Darryl out at the same time! They'd beâ€" "

"You'll find, Alvin, that I can do as I please." Fang glared daggers of ice at O'Hare, causing the principal to shudder and back off

immediately. "Now, we will take our leave. Do you have your personal items?" We both nodded eagerly, bookbags slung over our shoulders and phones stuffed in our pockets. He smiled and stood up, considerably shorter than what I thought he'd be, but still imposing, "Then we shall take our leave of this place. Farewell, Alvin."

Fishlegs flipped O'Hare a jaunty salute as he left; I, on the other hand, simply smiled and signed "dirty little shit" at him (ASL, thank you dad!). He was none the wiser, thankfully, and we exited the building like kings.

Outside sat a stretch limo, obsidian and silver, just waiting for us to get in it. "Hoo-boy!" Fishlegs whistled appreciatively, "that is a limousine."

"Indeed," Fang acknowledged, "now I have a question for you: is there a place where you two hang out?"

I smiled, "There's the Kill Ring downtown." When I noticed the confused look that suddenly appeared on his face, I explained, "It's a gaming shop. They sell all sorts of Dungeons & Dragons-style games, card games, and game accessories. My dad's friend owns the place, he's pretty chill."

"The Kill Ring it is. Chauffeur! The Kill Ring is our destination."

"Searching for it now, sir," the chauffeur replied, probably looking the Kill Ring up on a GPS of one sort or another. Whenâ€"I believeâ€"he found it, we pulled out of the school zone and started down main street.

"So...", Fishlegs still had that grin on his face, the insane 'I know something you don't know' one.

"So?" I prompted, hoping to get an actual answer.

"So, your question for him?" Fishlegs finished.

"Ah, yes," Fang straightened his collar and settled back in his seat, "my question. It pertains to your talent that I saw on YouTube."

Oh no. Oh no way. No fucking way! Dad's gonna flip! He is going to flip his fucking shit!

"Would you join JÃ¶rmungadr as the backup male singer? While my son can reach high notes by using falsetto, it doesn't compare to the strong, natural tones of a countertenor." Flabbergasted; I was purely agape at the idea that someone wanted me to sing for their band, let alone that the manager of JÃ¶rmungadr wanted me to sing backup for his band.

JÃ¶rmungadr wanted me to sing with them! If mom was here...

Fishlegs must've noticed my sad face, because he wrapped an arm around my shoulder and nuzzled me affectionately.

"So your answer?" Fang prompted.

"I'llâ€"Iâ€"I have to think about it," I replied, my hesitance

causing my voice to quaver slightly.

Fang nodded, sympathy oozing from his tone, "I understand; it would be hard to switch from anonymous living to the life of a rockstar. It was hard for Toothless as well."

Toothless? Is he talking about Night Fury?

"Yeah...I'm not too sure my dad'll be as thrilled as I am when I tell him." Truth; dad would actually be kinda bummed that I was leaving like mom. Okay, understatement, he would be full-on depressed that I was leaving like mom.

"Understandably. We all want what's best for our children, but sometimes it is hard to let go enough to give it to them." Oh wise and mighty Fang, teach my father your wisdom and patience!

The rest of the ride to the Kill Ring—"all five minutes of it"—was spent in awkward silence.

****NEVER FEAR CHANGE—INTEGRATE IT INTO YOUR VERY BEING****

Gobber's eyebrow arched as he smirked, "An' yer nae sure tha' Stoic'll take th' news well, correct?"

"Aye," I mocked his brogue with surprising accuracy for the massive amount of irony it was smothered in. "Ah'm nae sure da'll take this new well t'all."

"Dun't be cheeky, lad, or ah'll have yer arse on a platter by th' end a th' week." Gobber replied with equally snarky piss and vinegar. "So, Jolt an' some new Dragon cards fer ya an' 'Legs?"

Fishlegs gave an excited squeal, "Hell-to-the-yeah! I can't wait to try out my new deck combinations!" He accepted the soda and cards with gusto—"shelling out his weekly allowance"—and skipped over to our regular table. He then ripped the booster packs open with voracity, throwing bits of plastic and foil all over the place.

"Merlin's Throne?" I met Gobber's eyes and he winked.

"Merlin's Throne. So," he leaned back against the display wall and stretched languidly, "who's yer frien'? He's pretty good lookin', fer a shor' man."

"Fang Renson," Gobber's eyes sparkled with mirth.

"Oh, tha' is th' infamous Fang? JǼrmungadr's Fang?" With an affirmative nod from me, he chortled, "aye! Seems like th' kinda' man who'd run a company like tha'!"

"Shh," I hissed, covering his mouth with my hands, "don't offend him."

"Ah highly doubt tha' he'd be offended," Gobber shrugged and handed over my booster packs, "bu' if ya say nae ta offend him, ah'll try mah best."

Fang strolled—"although he seemed rather lost"—over to the counter

and smiled handsomely at Gobber, "This is your family friend then?"

"Gobber Godfrey, at yer service!" Gobber swept a low bow, mock reverence dripping from his every movement.

"Fang Renson; pleasure to meet you." Fang held out his hand politely. At that point I'd decided that one of two things about Fang Renson were true: either he was extremely polite, or he was the master of ironic façades.

Gobber gently took Fang's hand in one of his meaty paws and shook it gently, "Pleasure's all mine."

Euch.

Not that I'm against gays or anything, but this was my "uncle" and the man who fathered Night Fury. That is a level of creepy no one should suffer.

"So you know young Hiccup how, exactly?" Gobber's face broke out in a full-out, 'embarrassing childhood stories' grin.

"Ah've been a frien' since he was a wee babby," Gobber began, "Knew his mum long before she me' with his da. Been part a th' family e'r since."

Thank God above for short, non-embarrassing versions of personal events; and even more thanks for "uncle"s who know when to shut their gob.

I gratefully forked over my cash for some Jolt and my boosters and gave Gobber a smile, "Book of Shadows and Ancestry Calls, right?"

"Ya think mah ken of yer deck is lackin'? Ya insult me."

"Woah there Gobber; no need to go postal on me." I grinned back at him and then held out my hand. I was rewarded with a high-five and a smarting palm. "Eesh," I grumbled, "should know better than to do that..." Reward in hand, I sat down to shuffle through my spoils. From the looks of things, Fishlegs had already found some good cards, and was shuffling through his deck to integrate and swap them around.

"After you're done, you wanna go?" Fishlegs leered as he lazily shuffled his deck.

"You got your coin, D-20, and tokens to play for?" I asked, looking through the Trees I had gotten with a manic glee.

"Are you prepared to lose?" Fishlegs countered.

"Is it a blue moon already?" Mock surprise laced my voice, "and here I thought I had a fighting chance."

"Har, har, har," he drawled, "very fucking funny."

"Oy!" Gobber interrupted, temporarily placing his conversation with Fang on hold, "Watch yer fookin' mouth!"

"Make me!"

"Ah will then!" Gobber stomped over and Fishlegs 'eep'ed, scrambling to get away from the giant.

I lazily finished shuffling my deck and called out to him, "Ready when you are!"

"Call off your guard dog," he squealed in response.

"Gobberâ€!" He looked back at me and bared his teeth in a grimace-like smile, "Leave Fishlegs alone. I need him in one piece for when I kick his ass."

"All righ' then," he sighed in defeat and put Fishlegs down, "If ya say so." Trudging back to the counter, he continued his talk with Fang.

Fishlegs sat down, "Ready?"

"Ready," I affirmed.

****YOU ARE NOT ALONEâ€"THERE ARE OTHERS LIKE YOU****

Fang was sitting down while watching our game, his eyes trained on our attack lines. Fishlegs had three Gronkles (one normal, two Drekkan) and enough Yew and Ash Trees to summon three more if he wanted. I, on the other hand, had Birch and Ash Trees in my Forest, a Monstrous Nightmare, and a Drekkan Hideous Zippleback.

The whole concept seemed novel to him. "A card game based on the dragons mythos?!"

I Planted a Yew Tree and flipped it, allowing me to Call a Cloud of Terrible Terrors. "It's a rather interesting marriage of "Magic: the Gathering" and Eric Forthen's "The Truth About Shadows" series which, coincidentally, is the birthplace of the Nordic-themed draconic lore that J rmungadr uses for member names. Monstrous Nightmareâ€" I attacked with mine, which Fishlegs blocked with his normal Gronkle, sacrificing it in the process, "â€"Deadly Nadder, Hideous Zipplebackâ€" again I attacked and was beaten back by one if Fishlegs' Drekkan, "and Night Fury," I groaned as Fishlegs Called one. Little did he know that I had "the Home of Our Ancestors" up my sleeve.

"That is interesting. Simultaneously, it is also rather extensive for a card game," Fang mused aloud.

Gobber chuckled, interrupting his stocking to look over Fishlegs' shoulder, "Aye, Dragons a Legends 'tis extensive. But, 'tis also fer th' nerds a th' world. Nerds like their games complicated. Oh, and Hiccup? Yer screwed."

I drew and almost cried. I had it! I had it! "A-ha! I have you now!" I Planted Yddragsil and watched his face fall.

"Oh no...no, no, no...no fuâ€"no way!" He changed track halfway through his swear when Gobber gave him a Look.

"Yes way. I Call unto this field, through sacrifice and blood, the Home of Our Ancestors!" I tapped Yddragsil, sacrificed all my dragons, and placed the Home of Our Ancestors in play, smirking all the while. Fishlegs shrieked.

"Oh, oh!" He seemed lost for words for a moment, then an unsettling grin crept across his face, and he sat back in his chair with a disturbing air of ease about him. "Whatever shall I do? It looks like the coup d'État must come a bit earlier than planned," he sighed dramatically, "I had so hoped to drag this on longer but...alas! 'Tis not to be." He drew and Planted another Yew, then drew a card from his deck. "I Call into being, the grand spell-of-spells, wrought with the love of a family: Merlin's Love!"

Aw, come on! That is not even remotely fair!

He sacrificed his Night Fury and all his Trees, and Called an Anthro Night Fury into play. He then attacked my empty Field, burning three of my Trees and taking 9 HP from me. Now I was down to 8 HP, while he had 17. I was royally screwed, unless I could pull this off.

"Any last words before the coup de gr ce?" Fishlegs gloated. Fang sat in closer to me, peering over my shoulder and frowning gently. "Or," he practically purred, "are you going to forfeit like the lily-livered, little baby you are?"

"I propose a third option," I retorted, reaching into my deck with a steady hand. This entire turn depended on my luck; I could not screw this up! "Take this! Her resting period over, La Bella wakes and wreaks havoc upon your Field. Her damage is  " I rolled my D-20 and squeaked with excitement, "  twenty cards and the subsequent leftover damage to your Hit Points!" Fishlegs groaned, he only had one card on his Field, and -2 HP! "I win." I flashed him a predatory grin  all teeth and reeking of victory  and then held out my hand, "pay up."

"Nuuuuu...", Fishlegs whined, "dun't wanna..."

"Pay the loser's fee gracefully Fishlegs, or I'll have Gobber remove the cards from your grip forcefully." Gobber sneered at Fishlegs.

"Buh-but...", another glare from Gobber, and he crumbled to my pressuring, "Fine. Here."

I plucked his card box from his hands and shuffled through it. Nope, don't want another Gronkle or Nadder. Don't need any Trees, 'specially not Aspens  those are Scout/Guard Trees and I don't have any Scout/Guard dragons. Definitely don't need Merlin's Love, I have no Anthros. Maybe...

I pulled a solitary Night Fury from his deck, a Drekkon with vivid emerald eyes and a solitary spattering of freckles across its snout, and handed him back his cards.

"No," he mock-sobbed, "You took my only Drekkon Night Fury! That is not fair at all!"

"Life's not fair," I taunted, "and then you die. Death and taxes, Fishlegs."

"We're all equal when we're dead," he replied monotonously, not even cheered up by the opportunity to use a Les MisÃ©rables quote. Then he shoved his deck back into his box and closed the lid angrily. "Wanna go home. P'rolly time for mom to blow a fuse anyway, she's usually awake by now."

"Fang," I asked him, stowing away my newly-modded deck in my box, "would you drive Fishlegs home? He can give you directions."

"And yourself," the man inquired, "how will you get home?"

"Ah'll drive th' lad home. 'Tis but a stone's throw away from here an' his da'll have plenty a time ta think about wha' he's done," Gobber interjected. At my confused look he supplied a cure for my confusion, "He tol' me he's gonna' start marketin' "Isle a Berk" soon an' that players can pay to have unique character mods or armour. Somethin' about "means ta an en'" or sommat like tha'..."

"Very well." Fang turned to face me, a slight upward turn to his lips, "I shall visit here tomorrow, after school, for an answer to my question. Would this be an acceptable meeting place?"

"Fine enough," I shrugged, "So, tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow then," he nodded and then turned to Fishlegs, "To your home then. Will I have the pleasure of meeting your mother?"

"If you're lucky: no." And with that, the two of them walked out of the Kill Ring, leaving me with only Gobber and my thoughts.

"So...", Gobber awkwardly rocked on his heels, turning to face me, "How're ya' gonna' break th' news ta yer da? Ya've got all afternoon ta think abou' it."

"Yeah...lucky me..." I groaned and placed my head in my hands.

"Jus' tell him th' truth. He'll unnerstand." Gobber patted me on the backâ€"which felt more like a steamroller hitting meâ€"and then went to attend one of the snooty regularsâ€"a guy who called himself "Humongous Hotshot the Hero".

If only it were that simple though...

4. Chapter 4

(A/N: The response to the last chapter was phenomenal! I'm glad you guys liked it, because it took forever to come up with Legends of Dragons. I will point out that it directly references "The Truth About Shadows" (in this universe it's a book series by Eric Forthen if you missed that tidbit) and no one seemed to comment on that. Do you not cross-read my fanfictions? Frankly I'm hurt. (Not really.)

**Anyway, I want to thank all my followersâ€"there are about fifty-nine of you!â€"and give you my blessings. My poll has closed and the results are in! The three stories I will be finishing first are this one, the Truth About Shadows, and Penitence & Patience, Glitches & Viruses. I hope you enjoy what I shell out. It's gonna be

a long and bumpy road, so hold on! :)**

TL;DR if you want. Thank you if you don't. Enjoy!)

My ride home was anything but uneventful. While Gobber's old clunker managed to get us from the Kill Ring to home, we almost missed our exit, and I was subjected to Gobber singingâ€”rather off-key and loudlyâ€”modern pop songs. You have never seen Hell unless you have listened to Gobber butcher "Call Me Maybe" and "Little Lion Man". Eugh...the horror...

When we finally reached our destination, Gobber turned to me and flashed a toothy grin, "Ye bet'r tell yer da Ah'm nae pleased with'm, ye unnerstan'?"

"Sure thing," I saluted back then did an about-face and marched into my home, still not ready to talk to dad. When I closed the front door, I noticed that the house was unusually quiet. Confused, I made my way downstairs to Dad's work-room, hoping I had caught him at a good time.

"Feckin' Hell!" I heard him swear as I tentatively entered his work-room, "How har' is it t'actually ge' this damned thin' workin'?!"

"Trouble with Bertha again?" My voice wasn't cracking; nope, I was totally calm here. Not terrified in the slightest!

Dad sighed and pinched his nose in exasperation. Scattered around him were piles of coding books and reference art; laying against his computer was a Fenrir figure from "Poetic Edda: Darkness Encroaching" and he had his "I am a pure-bred Viking" cap on. Overall, the room was in its normal state of organised-chaos, with Dad in the centre of it. "Yeah. Bertha's bein' unreasonable. I tol' her tha' I would keep her PC tha' way if she'd pay us as par' a Isle a Berk's newest promotional feature bu' she won' pay up. I tol' her that she dinn't haft'pay us much bu' she refuses! An' Bertha's code is still bein' unreasonable! I dinn't know how tha' came abou', bu' her boob-physics are still as insane as e'er!" He growled in frustration and threw a coding book at the wall, deepening the already-present dent there.

"Any good news?" I prompted him, smiling slightly. If he was in a better mood, he might take the news better.

"Well Merida is payin' a hefty sum ta have her mum's PC changed to Mor'du," he admitted.

"Wait, Merida's mom has an Isle character?!" I had no idea that Mrs. "Proper-ladies-dinnae-play-video-games" even considered Isle of Berk as anything interesting!

"Yeah. Merida said somethin' abou' her mum sayin' she would give Isle a try. I dinn't know why she's havin' me change Elinore's human Huntress int'an Ursarin', let alone an exact copy a Mor'du, bu' I did say I'd custom-mod any character for anyone payin'." He shrugged looking seemingly nonplussed about the whole idea, just eased about getting paid, I suppose.

"Does Merida know that her dad hates Ursarings with a passion?" Of

course she did; she was getting back at her mom for being a "narrow-minded busybody an' an insufferable twat" (her words, not mine).

Dad merely shrugged and took a chug from his 5-Hour-laced Faygo. "She's payin' a lot."

"How much?"

"£1323.71" Holy shit. That was a lot of money. If you factored in the conversion from pounds to dollars, you wound up with about \$2,000! Give-or-take a few cents; it all depends on the economy today.

Scottish "princess" or not, Merida had to be completely nuts to throw that money away like that; even if the money being tossed is for a pretty worthy cause. Elinore was a major buzzkill and would always scold Merida when she would play with me and Fishlegs in the mud. Or when she played with me and Fishlegs indoors. Or when she played with me and Fishlegs at all, really.

"Yeah, tha's wha' I said when she offered. She called me up an' said _'Uncle Stoic, I have a request a you!_'_" His imitation of Merida's voice consisted mainly of him pitching his voice up a bit and slurring his words to achieve the "proper brogue" sound Merida and her family carried in their tones. "_'Could you pos'bly make my mum's character an exact copy a Mor'du?_'_" I asked her how much she was willin' t'pay an' when she dropped those figures I 'bout shat myself."

"I can imagine," I agreed, nodding my head slightly. "Filthy rich or otherwise, Merida must've emptied her entire savings to pay for this."

"Th' transaction hasn't occurred ye'. I tol' her I would charge her after she saw th' end resul'." I smiled at Dad for that. Whether or not Gobber thought he was being a 'money-grubbin' arse', Dad was a great man. That's why I had to tell him now.

"Listen...Dad?" My hands entwined in my hoodie strings and I refused to make eye contact with him. Shit, I was nervous.

"Yeah son?" I could feel his gaze on me and it just made it worse. I was not looking forward to what was going to happen.

"So yesterday I was taking a shower after gym, right? And these guysâ€"absolute neanderthalsâ€"took a video of me singing in the shower." Off to a great start already! (Not.)

Dad bristled and grabbed my shoulders, "Why din'n't you tell me this yesterday?! I could've deleted th'video an' made sure there wouldn't be 'nother copy alive?"

I shrank away from his grasp, "Because it didn't matter! They had already put it up on YouTube anyway so why bother?"

"Son..., " Dad began.

"As I was saying," I continued over his protests, "it wound up on YouTube. Well apparently it went viral and a ton of people saw it.

Including the manager of my favourite band."

"Tha' Norse rock band with th' hot chick you like so much?"

My cheeks heated up and I nodded, "Yeah. Well today he came and checked me 'n' Fishlegs out of schoolâ€"

"The Outcast le' him?!" Dad broke out in a toothy grin, "I'm sure th' look on his face wa' priceless!"

"If you could stop interrupting," Dad looked down like a kicked puppy but I wasn't fooled. "Anyway; Fang Renson, JÃ¶rmungadr's manager, checked us out and took us to the Kill Ring to ask me somethingâ€"not that he couldn't've asked me something at school or in his limo, but he wanted me to be comfortable so...anyway! He asked me to...sing countertenor for JÃ¶rmungadr." There it was, the big reveal. The shit had officially hit the fan! Now all that was left to to was to wait for the oncoming shitstorm.

Dad stared at the floor with his brows creased and fingertips pressed together as he sat deep in thought. The tension and worry bubbling in my gut only increased the longer I waited for an answer. Why wasn't he answering me? _What did I do? Oh God, he thinks I'm gonna' leave like Mom! Oh no! He'll say no! Or he'll say yes but be all PA about being hurt and never come to a concert! Please don't be mad! Please!_

When he finally spoke, I could hear the sadness hidden behind his voice. "Hiccup, I've raised you e'r since your ma left us an' ne'er once have you purposefully hurt me. I know you love me with all your hear' an' I know jus' askin' this had t'kill you. Takin' all that int'account, I think th' best thin' t'do is have Mr. Fang Renson come o'er an' talk t'him m'self." Wait, was that a maybe?! "If I feel like he'll take good care of you, I'll le' you go. There's no reason for me t'keep you here. It's your dream, innit?" It was a maybe!

I tackle-hugged Dad, "Thankyouthankyou_thankyou!_ Ohhh you have no idea how much this means to me! Thank you!"

He chuckled and hugged me back, "I thin' I do. You're a lo' like your mum...in a good way." When we broke the hug, he turned back to his computer and began coding again, "Now you tell tha' Fang Renson t'meet me t'morrow, understan'?"

"Will do!" I saluted him and dashed off, skipping steps by twos as I went to my bedroom to text Fishlegs. This was so exciting!

****DEPRIVE THE WORLD OF YOU AND YOU DEPRIVE YOURSELF OF HAPPINESS****

Thirty-four unanswered text messages later, Fishlegs sent me the OK-signal and I called him. "Mama Bear being a cunt again?"

"Yep," shit, Fishlegs' voice was raspy. The bitch must've had him by the throat again...

"What was she mad about this time?" God, I hated when his mom fucked him up. If his dad were still around he might be in better shape becauseâ€"from what he can remember of his early childhoodâ€"his mom was actually happy when his dad was around.

"Getting dropped off in Fang's limo. I can remember some of it being about how I was useless and stupid and would never amount to anything. The rest had something to do with 'mooching'." He coughed onceâ€"whether for dramatic Fishlegs purposes or genuine hoarseness I was unsureâ€"then chipperly asked, _"So what did the ol' man hafta say about the thing?"_

I couldn't stop grinningâ€"despite the unmitigated gall of the whole 'my best friend got the shit beat out of him by his abusive mother' situationâ€"and, after steeling myself, said as solemnly as I could, "Well...he said that I reminded him of Mom."

Fishlegs inhaled sharply then coughed, _"Shit!"_ He knew better than anyone what being like Mom mean to me and Dad.

"And he said he was gonna' have a talk with Fang," again, I dragged out the dramatic pause until it physically hurt. "But he said maybe."

"Yes!" Fishlegs whisper-screamed into the phone, causing the sound to distort from the massive amount of air being funnelled into the microphone. _"Oh, you lucky bastard you!"_

"Yeah," I bathed in his semi-whispered congratulations for a bit longer before I added, "I just 'bout shat myself waiting for his answer."

"I can imagine. Oh!" There was a clatter on the other end, like Fishlegs had dropped his phone followed by a muttered apology to his clunky Nokia. _"So I was doing some research on the ride home and according to Jack, there are some things you need to know about JÃ¶rmungadr's crew."_

"Wait, Jack?" Who the Hell was Jack? Did I know him? Damn me and my unreliable memory for names and faces.

"Yeah. White hair, blue eyes, was in marching band. Played oboe in the solo last year?" Fishlegs' prompting was not getting us anywhere. _"He was a senior?"_

"Was?"

"Head of the A/V Club? He dropped out to be stage manager at the Berk Dome. He does the lights and sound so..." Fishlegs trailed off in exasperation. It's not my fault that I don't remember that Jack person! _"Anyway, I was talking to him and he saidâ€"'cause he gets close to the artists and bands that play at the Domeâ€"and he knows a bit of gossip about JÃ¶rmungadr."_

Oh shit...here he goes again.

"Don't you dare think that Jonathan Horrendous Haddock the Third! I heard that condescending thought!" Fishlegs' hoarse whisper-yell startled me for a second before I remembered he wasn't actually psychic.

"I said it aloud, didn't I?" God I hate when I do that...

"Yeah." He snickered and moved on with his juicy gossip, _"So here

are the deets: Monstrous Nightmare's name is Snotlout Jorgenson. Apparently he went to Berk Middle School before he was scouted for J  rmungadr. He used to be on the varsity football team and was a renowned skirt-chaser." _ He let the information process for a bit before launching into another string of gossip. _"As you know, Hideous Zippleback is composed of twins; Ruffnut and Tuffnut Thorston are their names. Both were born male but Ruffnut is trans* female. Both are notorious whores but Ruffnut only goes for men while Tuffnut swings both ways. As far as Jack knows, they were homeschooled by their   ber-conservative Baptist Christian father, and as soon as they were scouted for J  rmungadr they did everything they could to piss him off. Supposedly they can never go home." _

Huh...a hetero-trans* female and a bi-cis-male twins. Who'dve thunk?

_ "I can hear you breathing but I have no idea whether or not you're awake. Earth to Hiccup! Are you there?" _ I snorted into the mic and shifted my weight so I was no longer laying on my now-numb elbow.

"Hiccup is not available at this time. Please leave a message after the beep. Beep!"

_ "Ha ha, very funny. Anyway, as I was saying," _ Never deterred, my friend Fishlegs, _ "Deadly Nadder's name is Astrid Hofferson and she is the toughest bitch ever. She went to Dragon Bluffs Private Academy before Fang drafted her for her amazing singing. At Dragon Bluffs she was lead in chorus and head of the mixed martial arts club. She broke a guy's arm because he decided to get frisky and touch her ass at a public signing once and spent three days in jail. During that time, she not only was found not guilty, but she managed to discipline one of the inmates who though she'd try and have one over on the 'pretty new girl'." _ Fishlegs paused for air while I processed what he just said. I knew about Nadder having gone to jail, but I didn't know about her going to Dragon Bluffs. That school was for the obscenely rich people. Only the elite of the elite went to Dragon Bluffs! As I pondered, Fishlegs continued, _ "Astrid is said to be married to her job and has rejected even the most luxurious advances from the richest of the elite. Jack speculates that she's asexual aromantic but that's just fluff. As for Night Fury...", _ he mock-shuddered, _ "there's a ton of shit on him." _

"Lay it on me 'Legs." I roll on my back and kick my legs in the air out of boredom. I love listening to Fishlegs talk and I know he loves to talk, but sometimes he can get a tad long-winded. And by a tad, I mean a shitton.

_ "His name is Toothless Renson. At least, that's what everyone calls him; no one is sure of his or any of the other members' names. He is spoiled rotten and has been groomed for a music career since a young age. Supposedly the bastard child of Fang and some random chick, Toothless was picked up by his dad from some orphanage when he was four. Ever since then he's gotten anything he wanted for his birthday as compensation for the four years he had nothing." Fishlegs chuckled, "Some of the shit he's gotten for his birthday is ridiculous! For his sixth birthday he wanted a dinosaur so Fang had a friend create a fully-functioning anamatronic stegosaur with artificial intelligence. For his thirteenth birthday he wanted a jello-filled swimming pool and he got it. For his seventeenth

birthday last year he wanted a virgin sacrifice andâ€"oh Loki!"_ He bursts into a fit of hysterical stifled giggles,_ "his dad held an audition for the part and Toothless had a harem of eighteen virgins to pick from. And heâ€"hahahaâ€"he picked the ugly nerd dude and showed him a good time."_

Okay...that is beyond odd.

"Dude, Toothless is nuts. Confirmed whorehound; a pansexualâ€"he claimsâ€"and sex godâ€"so it is said about himâ€"he gives the best damn blowjobs ever. Oh man! One more thing to love about this guy! Forget Astrid, I'mma fuck Toothless! He sounds like a riot!"

"Oh har har har," fucking 'Legs, "nah. I think I'll stick to Nadder thankyouverymuch."

He snorts, _"If you insist. I think you're missing out. Jack says he had a stand with him and he has never in a million years felt more gay than he did getting it up the ass. The dude is like an Asian Loki."_

Loki...fathered Sleipner, Fenrir, and Jormungandr. Also liked to be a woman and seduce men. Sexual deviancy at its finest, I thought as I listened to Fishlegs gush about his new crush. "Look man, it's late and I'm tired. Talk to you tomorrow?"

"Fine," he huffed, _"have fun with your wet dreams boyo!"_

"If they're about getting pounded in the ass by Night Fury, I will fucking end you." That was a promise.

"Love ya hun! Night!" He hung up on me. I plugged my phone in and turned off my light with a dissatisfied grunt. I swear, if I did dream about gay sex again, I was going to rip 'Legs a new one. No lie. No more gay dreams for me. Nope.

As I rolled over one last time, I wondered what it had been like for Loki to give birth to his various monster-babies.

I wish I hadn't done that, because my dreams that night were filled with oviopostulation and giving birth to large wolvesâ€"even though I was male.

Fuck my life.

5. Chapter 5

(A/N: I appreciate all of the reviews I have received while I was working on my other works. Thanks to that, I got this chapter done in record time with no damage to the quality of it. While I have your attention: if my stories have not updated in a while, please feel free to ask me to work on them. I'm trying to work on P&P, G&V, this, and the Truth About Shadows in cycles (and that order) so if I get stuck on one of them it puts the production of chapters for the others way on the back-burner. If you prompt me to update I usually can break through the block I am suffering to finish what I'm working on and move on.

**As usual, thank you to all my followers, favourites, and reviewers.

You are the lifeblood of me and my writing skill. Hope y'all enjoy this chapter of Defying the Norm!)**

"are you as excited as i am about this?!"

cause im pretty damn excited"

"Uh...yeah?"

After all, it is ME who is the one going to join JÃ¶rmungadr, not you."

"ow...im hurt..."

wounded even..."

why would you say that?!"

"Because it's true." Then, as an afterthought, I added**, "Drama Queen."**

".

.

.

bitch"

I smiled, looks like I won this round! I tucked my phone into my pocket just as the bell for fifth period rang, letting all the prisoners here at Berk High know that they would be switching classes. As I passed by him in the hallway he shot me the finger and moved on with his life. I just smiled like the winner I was.

Speaking of winning, I pulled my phone out of my pocket and shot 'Legs another text, **"Did you tell Fang to meet us in the lower lot?"**

"no.

i told him you pussied out.

of COURSE i told him to meet us in the lower lot!

...jeeze..."

"Asshat."

"whatever...loser!"

**"Love you too. :)" **I smiled and slipped my phone into my back pocket as I stepped into the locker room. As soon as I entered the pits of Hell, the guys began jeering and catcalling at me.

"Lookit the little faggot!"

"Nerd boy gonna sing us some pretty tunes?!"

"Norsefag!"

"What a fucking pussy..."

Yeah...cause calling a dude a 'pussy' for being able to sing is such a huge step in your vocabulary development. Congratulations. You've evolved from 'Grade S Douchenozzle' to 'Grade B Dickface'! And does your girlfriend know you whack off to having eggs shoved out of your ass? Ovipositioning kink ftw, buddy...

Of course, none of this passed my lips. Heaven knows that I'm snarky, not suicidal. Calling out a group of troglodyte bullies alone in the showers is one thing, but humiliating them in front of two-percent of the schoolâ€"who know hundreds of people who know hundreds of people and so on and so forthâ€"is another kettle of fish entirely. I am not looking for death; not until after Dad rejects or accepts Fang's offer, that is.

Meanwhile, in the sprit of no-tolerance, my fellow nerds, geeks, and freaks simply averted their collective gaze and rushed out onto the floor. I slipped into my gym clothes and stepped out into the worst hour of my life.

One word: kickball. I am not coordinated, nor am I well-equipped to handle a large rubber ball heading straight for my feet, shoed or otherwise. I, of course, was picked last and struck out the only time I came to the plate to kick. Thankfully our Phys-Ed class is big enough that we have plenty of people to keep the line to kick long.

The saddest part wasn't that I missed the ball three times in a row. No, the sad part was that I missed the ball thrown by the next least-coordinated person in my class. That and the fact that moderately-crippled Kristi Andrews kicked a grand slam in one pitch.

Oh how my masculinity suffers...

Regardless of my emasculation or my feelings on the matter of nerd-versus-norsefag, the class did indeed come to an endâ€"thank God!â€"and I dashed away to the lower lot to meet Fishlegs and Fang for the rendezvous with Gobber and my dad. After playing a rather rousing and adrenaline-spiking game of Frogger with the car riders and car-poolers and other such automotive-dependent student types I finally arrived at my destination. Fang's limo was idling in the lower lot, closest to the aquatic centre, and Fishlegs was striking up a conversation with someone inside the vehicle. I assumed it was Fang.

"So glad you could make it, Fang," I cordiallyâ€"on the outside, mind youâ€"commented as I walked up to lean on Fishlegs' shoulder. Imagine my surprise when I saw, not Fang, but Toothless Renson himself. Night Fury in the flesh.

Fuck.

He flashed me a brilliant smile and it took every last iota of control I had not to go break my fist attempting to punch a tree to feel manly again. "You must be Hiccup," he commented in a throaty

voice that in no way matched his singing voice.

I stammered and choked on a response for a what felt like forever before Fishlegs came to the rescue. "Yeah, that babbling moron is your possible bandmate. Pretty good-looking, yeah?"

Fuck, Fishlegs! Don't say that to the guy I had dream-sex with!

Toothless sized me up and then grinned sexily. (_Sexily?! What the fuck?!_) "I'd say so."

Fuck me...

Okay, if I haven't clarified before now, Toothless is abnormally attractive for a male. He is the perfect blend between Asian and American, with deep skin that showed no blemishes, perfectly straight black hair pulled into a ponytail, a neatly-trimmed goatee, almond-shaped emerald eyes that sparkled with the light of a thousand nebulae, and full lips that would be perfect for kissingâ€"you know what?! I think all of my heterosexuality flew out the window when I met him face-to-face. Posters and pictures cannot do this man justice. Hell, posters and pictures can't do Monstrous Nightmare justice, let alone his (much hotter) bandmates. So for all sakes and purposes, from henceforth I am no longer a heterosexual. I am instead questioning. There.

All sexuality aside, I froze like a deer in headlights when he said I was good-looking. I don't know if he was being ironic or if he was being sincere, but it was freaking me the Hell out! "Y...you're pretty cool-looking yourself..."

'Legs shot me a Look (patent pending) and elbowed me in the ribs. "What my smooth friend _means_," he wheedled, "is that you, too, are attractive."

"I appreciate the compliment." Toothless chuckled and motioned to the chauffeur to open the doors. "C'mon. Dad is already waiting at your home."

That got through my thick skull. "He _what?!_"

"Yeah. He's already talking with your dad. He said something about not wanting to waste your time."

"No, no, _no, no, **no**_...", I muttered in a frenzy. "He absolutely _cannot_ talk to my dad without me there. My dad will eat him and it will be all my fault!"

Instead of being offended like I thought he might be, Toothless laughed heartily, "From what I've heard about your dad, I can imagine."

Fishlegs and I hopped into the limo opposite of Toothless and we sped off towards my home and, hopefully not, my pissed-off father.

****YOU ARE WHO YOU AREâ€"STRIVE TO REMAIN THAT WAY****

What I Didn't Expect from Today: a Comprehensive List by Hiccup
Horrendous Haddock III

I didn't expect my father to make breakfast, let alone pancakes. I didn't expect Mildew's pop-quiz. I didn't expect one of the cheerleaders to hit me that hard and then tell her boyfriend I hit on her. I didn't expect that right hook because he looked more like a left-hook man. I didn't expect Fishlegs to have a bruise over his eye like he did. I didn't expect Toothless to be in the limo. Most of all, I did not, under any circumstances, expect my dad to be cordially joking with the straight-as-a-board businessman Fang Renson.

Yet there he was, hand wrapped around a mug of coffee and chuckling about some lame-ass dad joke. "So then th' rabbi says, 'I prob'ly shouldn't've started with th' circumcision.'!"

Fang bellowed with unbridled laughter in a way that had me completely taken aback. How could such a ridiculously large noise come from a man that size?! Toothless just looked at him with this weirdâ€"what I was beginning to think was a patentedâ€"smirk on his lips.

"I can't believe you haven't heard that one yet! It's older than you!"

Fang glanced up at his son and then back a little further to make eye-contact with me. "If I wanted your opinion, I would have asked for it. Now, Hiccup," he motioned for me to come closer, "Sit down so we can talk, the three of us."

"_Four_" Fishlegs interjected, mock-offended at being left out.

"No one mind me...I'll just sit here and admire the dÃ©cor," Toothless added in a wonderful display of verbal irony.

"All of y'come an' sit. Y'may as well, 'cause i' concerns each an' ev'ry one of you," My dad commanded. Well, I say commanded but it was more of a suggestion with 'you'll-do-as-I-say-because-I'm-an-adult' undertones.

My best friend, Toothless, and I sat down on the couch perpendicular to both my dad and Fang. I made nervous eye-contact with my dad and weakly grinned. "So, ah...what'dyou talk about?"

_I'm not nervous! I'm not nervous! I'm not nervous! _I sang in my head as I waited what seemed like forever for an answer.

"Your father brought up his concerns about not seeing you, as well as his worries about your education. I explained to him that JÃ¶rmungadr is not, nor will be for a very long time, on tour so you or he can commute to see each other. As for your education," Fang shifted in his seat, straightening his spine and becoming more imposing, "I believe we can employ a private tutor if you so desire."

"Oh, he desires," Dad adamantly interjected. "He _will_ be finishin' his education. It's no' a choice."

"Your father also shared a bit of your history with me and I can assure you that this experience will be nothing like what you have gone through. We will keep the two of you as close as possible." Fang smiled warmly and my heart-rate only skyrocketed. If this conversation was going the way I thought it was going, then I was

in.

"_So...?" I tentatively probed, single eyebrow raised in hopeful questioning.

"Yeah," Toothless added, startling me. "Is he in?" Why would he be so concerned about whether or not I was joining JǺrmungadr? I was just some no-name nerd with a single successful candid YouTube video to give him any credit. Why bother with me?

If Fishlegs was as surprised by Toothless' pressing as I was, he didn't show it. Instead he leaned forward, placed his hands on his knees to brace himself, and grinned widely. "Yeah! Is he in or not?! Don't keep us waiting!"

Dad's face split in a wide grin, "I've exchanged contacts with Fang an', as per th' agreemen' we've come up with, he'll keep me updated on your grades an' whatnot."

I couldn't believe it! I. Could not. Believe. It! _He said yes! He. Said. Yes! Aaaaaahhhhhhhh! _"Thank you so much!" My voice cracked as I leapt from my seat and tacklehugged Dad.
"**Thankyouthankyouthankyou**! I promise I'll call every day and I'll make sure I'm passing my classes and I'll visit every chance I can and you won't regret this I promiseâ€"

"Woah, take a breath son," Dad chuckled as he momentarily embraced me. When he peeled me off of his chest he continued, "I know you'll keep your grades up an' you'll call often so y'don' need t'promise me tha'. Jus'...", he caught my gaze and I could see how hard this was for him, "be careful. Don' lose yourself."

I pulled him into a hug, more tender than the one before, and whispered, "I won't fail you. I won't be like Mom. I promise..."

"_Baww_" Fishlegs interrupted, standing up and clapping. "What a tender moment! Congrats to both parties involved! And a very special congratulations to Hiccup for finally fucking making it big-time! Yay you lucky whore!"

While my dad was unperturbed by Fishlegs' foul language and nonchalant disregard for touching moments of familial love, Fang seemed shocked. Toothless, on the other hand, simply smirked and sat back on the couch.

"Yeah. Congratulations on making it into JǺrmungadr! I look forward to getting to know you." There was innuendo hidden in his message that skeeved me out a bit and I remembered what Fishlegs had said Jack said about him.

I think I'll avoid him as often as possible. He weirds me out...but oh my God! I get to be a part of JǺrmungadr! And I get to meet Deadly Nadder! And talk to her! And occupy the same space as her! Aaaaaahhhhhhhh! This could be my chance to ask her out! But what if she says no? She doesn't know me...and if some random dude asked me out after meeting me one time I'd be skeeved out. I'd probably punch the guyâ€if I had the upper-body strength to do so. Maybe I should wait. But what ifâ€

"I hate to interrupt your introspective soliloquy, but we have to go. I have lessons soon and I don't plan on missing them." Toothless stood up and dusted off his pants, turning to face Fang.

My face flushed and I stammered out, "Ah...oh...no-no problem..."

"Do you plan on joining us now, or having someone drop you off at my home later?" Fang smoothed the wrinkles out of his slacks as he stood up as well. He turned to me and smiled, "Either way is good but, like Toothless said, he has lessons to get to and he will not miss them this time."

Toothless smirked and tamed a stray hair back into his ponytail. I turned to look at Dad and he shrugged, "'Tis up t'you."

I turned to face Fishlegs and he mouthed, "Go. Now."

"Ah...sure. Just...lemme pack my bag. That shouldn't take too long. Is that okay?" Fang nodded and I dashed upstairs, Fishlegs in hot pursuit.

As I packed my bag and listened to my best friend ramble and rant about how lucky I was and how hot Toothless is, I couldn't help but feel the lead weight of anxiety pooling in my stomach. _What if I fucked up? What if they hated me? What ifâ€"? What ifâ€"? What ifâ€"?_

With that torrent of fear bombarding me the entire way, I returned downstairs, said my goodbyes, and got back in the limousine. It pulled out of my driveway and I watched my house recede into the distance, along with my comfort. I clutched my box of Dragons cards for reassurance and faced forward, putting my past and my fears behind me.

It's going to be alright...I'm going to be fine...nothing will go wrong...they'll love me...

I won't be anything like Mom...

6. Chapter 6

(A/N: Here you go Guest. An update and on my birthday, no less. **Sorry about the wait. My muse took the high road and left me without inspiration for a month. It was Hell. ****Regardless, I got it finished! And it is great. I hope y'all enjoy this chapter. And for your patience, you are rewarded with something at the beginning of the chapter.)**

I would like to point out that I am trying to make the interactions between the characters as natural as possible, and that includes the sex scenes. Being female and having a vagina, I do not know how to have gay sex, so I'm having to do some research. That may delay some chapters. Just a heads-up!

His lips brushed my skin, grazing my collarbone and my pecs until they stopped at my nipples. He licked one and it sent a shiver down my spine and into my nethers. "Are you sure you want this?" he purred before dipping back to take my nipple fully in his mouth and gently

masticate it.

I choked on my response, my body deciding for me as my nipples slowly harden with help from his tongue and teeth. "Y...yes I'm sure," I finally got out.

He paused and made eye contact with me, "I'm not going to do this unless you're absolutely sure. Consent," he murmured as he dipped in to kiss my navel, "is key."

I sat up and grabbed his hand in mine, clutching it close to my chest. "I told you: I want this more than anything. I'm finally ready."

"Okay," he kissed me chastely on the lips and dipped back into his working of my nipples. The longer he prodded and rubbed and sucked, the better it felt. In return, my hand found his balls and began fondling them gently.

"Mmf, Hiccup...", Toothless gasped as he pulled away from my chest to breathe, "that feels good!"

"You like that," I asked, interest peaked. "Then how about this?" I tentatively met his mouth with mine and began kissing him. He reciprocated and I could feel him growing harder and harder as time passed; as our kiss deepened and changed from foreplay to lust, he soon left my nipples alone and began to slowly stroke my shaft.

Heat rose off our spooning bodies as I continued to play with his testicles and he drew me to full erection. He broke our make-out session and began to fumble around in his nightstand for something. I stopped what I was doing to stare at him as he pulled out a condom and some lube. His eyes met mine, "Safety first."

I expected to feel his fingers probing my anus immediately but instead he grabbed my hand, applied some lube to my fingers, and guided me to his ass. "What?" I stammered.

He shooshed me, "If you don't know how to do it, you won't know what feels right and what doesn't. I don't want to hurt you, so practice on me and we'll go from there." With a deep gulp, I allowed him to insert two of my fingers into his sphincter and I slowly scissored them to increase the spread. He moaned as I increased the number of fingers to three and then four, his penis fully erect and body glistening with sweat. "Now or never, Hiccup!"

The entire time I had been doing this, he had slipped the condom, with lube in it, on my penis and had been slowly applying the lube to the exterior of the condom. Both of us were hard and I wanted him so bad!

"How?" I asked.

He shifted so that he was on his back and spread his legs so his sphincter was easily accessible, "Like you would a girl. Slowly at first and then faster. Let the receiving end be in control of the speed because if it hurts, it hurts and the sex needs to stop. That doesn't mean," he added when I frowned at the thought of having to stop because I hurt him, "that it's your fault. Anal is hard to do. You shouldn't hurt me, though. I'm used to it. Now go." He kissed me

once more as I placed the head of my penis at his opening and tentatively thrust in. Oh Godâ€œ"

Dammit. Once again I have a terribly erotic dream about anally fucking Night Fury. I rolled over on my side and retrieved my phone. The blinking display read 04:03 and, considering I set all my clocks and watches fifteen minutes ahead, it was really three forty-fucking-eight in the morning. _Fuck me..._

Speaking of...what the Hell was up with that informative wet dream I had?! That is the **last** time I let Fishlegs make me watch an indie gay porn! Granted, that had been weeks ago and I thought I had already flushed that lovely experience from my memoryâ€œ"apparently not!â€œ"but still; never again.

Nngh...message for you, sir. Speak of the Devil.

"so? first day? howd it go?"

"Didn't I already tell you this? And what makes you think I'd be up at this hour?!"

"hahahaha

actually im just suuuuuper bored and thought texting you would help

didnt figure youd actually be awake rn!

oops...lucky me!"

I rubbed my glabella wearily and stood up, the odd feeling of having fresh cum in my pants finally getting on my nerves enough for me to change them. My phone went off a couple more times while I stripped down and got into some clean boxers. When I sat down again, Fishlegs had had an existential crisis.

"are you mad at me? did i wake you?!"

im sorry! i didnt mean to!

please dont be mad at me!im sorry!"

My fingers flew across my keyboard as I hurriedly responded to his piteous cries. Fishlegs may be a pain in the ass, but he's an abused, manic-depressive, unmedicated pain in the ass and I love him (no homo).

"Dude! Calm yo tits! I was just changing clothes! I don't hate you, I'm still here, please calm down."

"oh...why are you changing clothes?"

oh! did you have another dream?!

**about night fury aka sex god mc-hot ass? S:3" **

Oh. My. God.

"I believe you asked me what my day was like?"

I'm already awake and you know me; I'm not going to sleep any time soon anyway so...?"

"...i feel like youre dodging but..."

spill! i wanna know what all went down in casa del renson!

all the little details

even if it takes all night!"

"Okay, so you know how Fang and Toothless came to my house and I left with them, yeah?"

"no shit, dumbass."

"Wellâ€"..."

YOU KNOW YOU ARE WORTH IT â€" MAKE EVERYONE ELSE SEE IT TOO

My knees remained tucked against my chest for the duration of this ride to Hell I was taking. Every atom in my body was rejecting this possibility. At any moment, I was going to wake up and realise that this was just a dream, that I was still 'norsefag of the century' at Berk High and that Fang Renson did not invite me to join J rmungadr or that my dad refused to let me join and this was my way of coping with the crushing blow.

Okay...once again I engage in hyperbole. The ride wasn't quite that bad. The anxiety-induced nightmare that this was all a figment of my imagination was really happening and it was really annoying but you know how anxiety is.

To be quite honest, Fang's limousine provided a comfortable ride and, despite the awkward silence on my part,â€"unless I was being talked toâ€"the Rensons were pleasant. Fang offered me an RC Colaâ€"the coveted glass bottle kindâ€"and then began to engage his son in conversation about his grades and his practice and whether or not that new song was written.

Toothless, at one point when his dad was taking a break to sip at a glass of what looked to be a vintage Merlot, directed his attention to me and asked, "So what else do you do, aside from singing our songs in school showers?"

Embarrassment warmed my cheeks, "Um...I play Legend of Dragons with Fishlegs..." Why was that the first thing to come to mind?!_

He lit up like a child at Christmastime, "Oh really?! I always thought that the way Kerucom translated the books into a proper, original card game was cleverâ€"although I, myself haven't had the time to build a deck past the starter one. Considering what happened to Harbinger, the fact that a company finally accomplished such a feat is lovely!"

"Wait, you played Harbinger?" I leaned forward to emphasise my confusion, "Harbinger was out for three months before Elutise went belly-up because of it! How did you manage to build a deck or play anyone?! Even Gobber didn't stock that garbage!"

He shrugged and sat back, sipping at his RC Cola nonchalantly, "I was rather into card games when I was fifteen and Elutise ran a small Harbinger-slash-_Carriers of the Word_ store near the place I used to hang out at. It seemed like a good idea and, despite the shoddy mechanics and poor art, Harbinger does have a cult following. I don't play anymore," he admitted. "Still, I have the cards in a box somewhere in storage. I'm sure they're worth _something_ past the hundreds I spent buying them."

"Still," I sighed in awe, "That someone even plays that game!"

He chuckled, "Enough about outdated card game failures; anything else you do? I'm sure you're not just a card game and Norse rock guy."

Was it my imagination, or was Toothless flirting with me?

"I...ah...write songs...", I managed to get out.

Fang looked up from his phone in amusement, "Is that what the large folder is?"

I looked down at my messenger bag, lying slightly open with all my school stuff visible, and noticed that my music folder was visible. _Shit._ This was not something I wanted to discuss with him right now! "Uh, yeah. The music I write is done on the computer with rock music VSTs and then transferred to sheet music form and printed off."

Fangs eyes glittered with amusement as he leaned forward and placed one hand out, the other still clutching his wine glass. "Do you mind if I take a look at them?"

"Ahâ€!" Words escaped me. No matter what I thought up, my lips stubbornly refused to let them pass. I choked on every syllable and embarrassing apology that I was going to say. Eventually I gave in and handed one of my songs over to him. It was the conductor's score for "Jǫtunnar-Treader". As he skimmed over each page, leaving me and Toothless in uncomfortable silence,â€"well, uncomfortable for me, anywayâ€"Toothless glanced at the myriad of other songs I had written, catching the titles of a few.

"Wow," he remarked, "'Leaving of the Wolf', 'Hel Has Half of Us', 'Eir Upon Lyfjaberg'. You really know what you're writing about, huh?"

"Yeah," I shuffled the papers back into my folder and stuffed them carefully into my bag again. "Dad has several versions of the Poetic and Prose Edda at home, so I would read them in my spare time. I really like kennings, if you haven't noticed. Plus I think that some of the less well-known Gods and Goddessesâ€"i.e. any one of them who isn't Thor, Loki, Odin-Wāden-whatever, or Friggaâ€"need to be touched on in Norse rock and Norse pop."

"This is well done," Fang noted, passing "Jǫtunnar-Treader" over to Toothless. "The line 'Father of the jǫtunnar, now the earth we walk upon. A pilgrimage is required to honour his fallen sons. Hold close to you the ideals of man, of gods, of Midgard, and jǫtun. For when

your home is built on flesh, you know a corpse when you see one.' You've really captured the idea behind that particular kenning. And the bass line seems to suggest a deeper driving force than the normal rock song. There's very little drumming in this one; just the occasional cymbal rise, see?" He pointed out the part he was talking about to Toothless, who chuckled.

"Tuffnut's gonna have a fit when he sees this."

Wait, what?! "Wait, what?!"

"With talent like this," Fang explained calmly, sipping his wine, "it would be criminal not to produce your songs."

"B-but I...what?!" Stunned, shocked, completely flabbergasted; there were not enough words in any human language that could convey my absolute shock at this information. Why would they use my songs?! I know the band members write their own songs, but still! I was a nobody! I just got lucky! Why the actual human fuck would they even _consider_ using my songs?!

"This is good. You wrote three different vocal parts, one obviously intended for me to sing in the lower register, and they fit together well. Why wouldn't we want to use your songs. You're part of J rmundagr, aren'tcha?!"

"Well, I know that! But I just joined and I'm not sure if anyone else will like me or my music and what if no one wants to play them plus I don't think I could handle that sort of attention!" I babbled, barely stopping to take a breath. "I just wrote these because I was bored and  "

"If you write this quality when you're bored, I'd love to see what you write when you actually get down to the grindstone." Fang complimented.

"Besides," Toothless handed me back my score, "I'm sure, since you seem to have Astrid in mind when you wrote this, you can convince everyone to play your songs. Astrid is the toughest one to please out of all of us. The twins'll play anything that gets put out, Snotlout is cool so long as he gets a good part, I'm game for good music  which this is  ", and dad here lets us play whatever we want  provided it falls within the Norse rock image."

Deadly Nadder would be singing my songs. **Deadly Nadder would be singing my songs.** My entire face lit up as red the rear brake lights of the limo at the thought of that happening.

"Wow, Hiccup. This is really good! You wrote this for me?"

"Y-yeah...just for you..."

"I love it! Would you like to be my boyfriend?"

"Sure!" *cue sloppy makeouts*

I shook my head, both to rid myself of the impossible fantasy I was enacting in my mind and in response to their offer. "A-as cool as that would be...I think I'd like to keep my music to myself for

now."

Toothless shrugged in defeat and leaned back in his seat, "As the lazy tailor once said, 'suit yourself'. _I_ think it's a waste of your potential but meh. Not my music. I can't force you to do anything."

The whole limo shifted and I slid up the seat slightly as we pulled to a stop. "We're here?"

"Not all that bad of a ride, if I say so myself," Toothless snickered. "Better than the last time Windwalker drove. He's getting good!"

"Well wouldn't you if you drove a limo every time you needed to get something?" Fang remarked as he stepped out of the now-open door, smiling gently at the chauffeur, a nervous-looking scarecrow of a man.

"Windwalker is our newest chauffeur," Toothless explained as he helped me remove my bags from the limousine, "when he first came to us, he was unable to speak English, let alone drive."

"Are the two mutually inclusive?" I asked, confused.

"They are when you lived in a slum all your life. You need to read and speak English to get your license so we taught him English and he learned how to drive well enough to get his license. His driving's gotten better since then though. It used to be that he would drive in the middle of the fucking road but now," Toothless gestured to the shitty parking job poor Windwalker had done. The limousine was half-on, half-off the curb and a poor potted plant seemed to have born the brunt of the weight. Whatever flora had been residing in the pink, stucco vase was now torn to shreds and crushed beyond all hope. "This," he chuckled, "Is preferable."

Holy shit...what a terror on four wheels...kinda reminds me of Launchpad McQuack, really. I silently grabbed what little of my stuff I could carry and, with Toothless not too far ahead of me and lugging the rest of my shit, walked into the mansion that JÃ¶rmungandr called home.

I was met with absolute chaos. Someone who appeared to be both halves of Hideous Zippleback were chasing each other and screaming as loud as they could, Skeet Skeet was playing as loud as the speakers would allow, and a blonde girl was currently arm wrestling with a very disgruntled Monsterous Nightmare.

"Fuck! Slow down so I can jack you up!" The part of Hideous Zippleback that was chasing their counterpart howled.

"Not a chance, dickface!" The other replied as they parkoured over the coffee table and turned a sharp right into the foyer.

"Guys! Silence please!" Toothless called over din.

"I'm just going easy on ya'," Monstrous Nightmare grunted.

"Mmhmm...sure y'are." The blonde replied, absentmindedly chewing on a

cuticle.

"Guys!" Toothless tried again as the loud rips and riffs of broken NCYD drowned out his cries. "Guys listen!" When a loud crash sounded from down the foyer, he groaned and began to make his way over to the stereo system.

Is it always like this? I wondered as I stood there, bags in hand.

"_Get crunk baby girl, go shake that thing; put your booty in the air like it ain't noâ€"_ the stereo blared just before Toothless cut it off.

"Guys!" He barked, finally getting their attention.

Everything seemed to come crashing to a halt all at once. The girl slammed Monstrous Nightmare's hand on the table, much to his chagrin, Hideous Zippleback crashed into each other and toppled into the coat rack in the foyer, and Fang clapped his hands to get their attention.

"Thank you," the elder Renson said to his son. "Now you are probably wondering who I have with me here."

"New 'elp?" The girl asked, eyeing me up and down like I was a piece of meat.

"A dweeb to do my homework?" Monstrous Nightmare grinned fiercely, reminding me of his namesake.

"A fuckbuddy?" "A toy for Toothless?" Hideous Zippleback chorused, once they had untangled themselves from the coats and rack they had been buried under.

"He's a new band member," a fourth voice injected.

I know that voice... I stared as Deadly Nadder emerged from the foyer, gracefully stepping over the fallen coat rack, and placed her arms akimbo.

"Honestly; don't any of you pay attention? I would expect this from Camicazi because she's not a band member, but the rest of you should have realised that this was the singer Fang had been talking about."

The blonde girlâ€"who I assumed was Camicazi from the way she reactedâ€"grunted angrily and folded her arms over her chest. "Smarmy-arse singer..."

"Oh!" Half of Hideous Zippleback chuckled, "Shower-boy!"

"Shit, this is shower boy?" The other half asked incredulously. "He's cute!"

"Yeah," their twin jeered, "if you're into toothpicks."

"Oh! Aren't you Uncle Stoic's kid?" Monstrous Nightmare asked, brows furrowing.

"U-uncle?" I squeaked. The pressure was getting to me and I was clamming up again.

"Stoic th' Vast, lead programmer of Isle of Berk, Stoic?" Camicazi leaned forward in her seat, suddenly interested in whatever it was I had to say.

"Uh...yeah. He's my dad. Did you say he was your uncle?!" I directed my question to Monstrous Nightmare, who shrugged.

"I say uncle but he's just a really close friend of my dad so he insists I call him 'Uncle Stoic'. Why haven't I ever seen you with him when he comes to visit?"

"I, ahâ€" I tried to answer, I really did, but the questions just kept coming and coming, one after another, and I couldn't keep up.

"Does your dad know my mum? 'Er name's Bertha?"

"You're kinda cute. How do you feel about penises?"

"What the fuck kinda question is that?! Sicko!"

"And another thing: when I went to Berk Middle, where were you?"

"Can you ask 'im why 'e keeps tryin' ta' solicit money from my mum? It's starting ta' piss 'er off."

"The kind that needs to be asked!"

"Well cut it out!"

"Did he hide you from the world because you're a weakass nothing?"

"Are ya' okay?"

"Fuck you! I'll ask what I want!"

"Have some common decency!"

"Do you have testicles? Is that why you can sing so high?"

"Guys, I think we're freakin' 'im out..."

"Yeah! Pot and kettle!"

"How so?!"

"Guys!" Toothless called over the din, after catching notice of my increasingly distressed state. Unfortunately it did nothing to stop the onslaught of questions.

"Man...what's it like not having balls?"

"Guys!"

"When Windwalker started, you wouldn't leave the poor guy

alone!"

"He barely spoke English!"

"So?!"

"Guys!" Toothless and Camicazi cried in unison, Camicazi whistling at an insane pitch immediately after. The clamour died immediately and all three of the band members who had been harassing me looked immensely penitent. "You're overwhelming him! Calm down and one at a time!" As I did some deep breathing to calm down some more, Fang sat back and let his son take charge of the situation. "Now, introductions will go like this: name, age, and fun fact. Just like an icebreaker for speed dating. No questions. I'll go first." He stood up and smiled at me, "My name's Toothless Renson, I'm turning eighteen in a few weeks, and I never knew my mother." That struck a deep chord in me, drawing forth emotions better left alone.

Deadly Nadder stood up next, face impassive. "My name is Astrid Hofferson, I'm sixteen, and I will physically injure you if you attempt to hit on me." _Well shit._

Half of Hideous Zippleback, the one with braids, stood up and waved at me. "Ruffnut Thorston, age seventeen and three quarters, and I think you are incredibly attractive for a nerd," she said in a husky tone. I made note of her name and face so I wouldn't confuse the twins later.

Her brother stood up, "Tuffnut Thorston, age seventeen and three quarters, and I do not think you're cute." He sat down and childishly stuck his tongue out at his sister.

Ruffnut's the trans* female with the braids and Tuffnut is the cis male. Gotcha'...

Monstrous Nightmare stood up and sighed heavily as if this whole thing was an inconvenience to him. "Name's Snotlout Jorgenson, age fifteen and a half, and if you even think about Astrid, I will break all your fingers." Piece said, he sat down and winked at Astrid, who pointedly ignored him.

Camicazi stood up, "Camacazi Bogburgler, age thirteen, an' I'm not really a member of th' band, but I work 'ere so I get to 'ang out with th' members. Jus' think of me like th' mascot or someshit..." She grinned cheekily and sat down, bouncing in her seat.

I figured out it was my turn, so I stood and cleared my throat. I could feel every pair of eyes on me and dammit it was nerve-wracking! "Uh...Hiccup Haddock, age sixteen, and I...ah...I'm just glad to be here..."

"Boo! Hiss!" Ruffnut called.

"Yeah," Tuffnut added, "Real info or gtfo!"

"Oh...okay...um...", I wracked my brain for something interesting and drew several blanks. Finally I came up with something. "I've won several Legend of Dragons tournaments at Dragon*Con Berk. I'm internationally ranked number five."

That drew nothing from the band members, aside from Toothless, who seemed surprised and somewhat pleased at this news. Feeling slightly dejected, I sat down again and clutched my box of Dragons cards to my chest.

Maybe I was wrong...maybe this is a bad idea...

"So...like you're a super-nerd?" Ruffnut asked, tilting her head inquisitively.

"I suppose so...?" How does one answer that question? 'Yes, I am a super-nerd!' 'We prefer the term _enthusiast_' 'What?! No!' Damn these people were testing my communication and social skills.

"Okay," satisfied with my answer, she sat back and nodded thoughtfully. "I like nerds."

Oh. My. God. Was she hitting on me?! She's just not my type? _Actually, Hiccup, you know nothing about her. Don't be so quick to judge._ Shut up brain.

I hate it when I make sense.

I must've zoned out because Fang was busy giving directions for each member when I started listening again. "Ruffnut, practice your part for "Yggdrasil". You were slow at the last rehearsal. Tuffnut, clean your room. We can smell it down the hall."

"Pussies," he grumbled.

"Your room should not reek of death, Tuff." Astrid admonished him, "It's time."

That sounds ominous...

The twins begrudgingly got up and left to do their assigned activities for the evening. Fang turned his attention to the blonde maid who was casually chewing on her hair. "Camicazi, show Hiccup to his room. He'll need help with his stuff."

"Awww, but do I 'afta'?! " Camicazi whined, discarding the chunk of wet hair in favour of a crooked-toothed frown.

"Do you want your holiday bonus?" Toothless' father asked, deadpan.

"This way, shower boy." She stood up and grabbed the bulk of my luggage, hauling it out of the living room. As I walked out, I saw Toothless pull in his dad for a quick talk, pointing and gesturing in my direction repeatedly.

I wonder what that was about?

After being allotted a room in the south wing, Camicazi gave me the grand tour, pointing out the best spots to hide in case someone wanted to pound me. (Her explanation for such information went along the lines of "You're thin an' twiggy an' likely to piss someone off but you're smart. If I show you th' places that are safe now, you owe me. I can use that later.") The south wing was the residential

area"and Tuffnut's room did stink to high-heaven"and each member had their own room. The only rooms that were connected to each other's were Ruffnut's and Tuffnut's. That was, according to Camicazi, "because of reasons".

The north wing was the dining and living areas. The west wing was the practice, recording, and instrument rooms. The east wing was composed of a large rec room, an indoor heated Olympic swimming pool, a gym, and a library chock-full of books of all types and sizes. When the tour was done, I retired to my room"escorted by Cami because I wanted to, not because I got lost!"and went to sleep. I know one time zone isn't bad, but I was knackered, so I needed sleep. Hopefully no one would interrupt my dreams.

"But of course u know waht came after that."

"yea

you had gay sex with toothless in ur dreams!"

"Fuk u."

"ur tired yea?"

"Ye."

"ive kept u up long nuff. night hun!"

"Night 'Legs!"

Tomorrow will be a nightmare. I thought as I drifted back to sleep.

Boy was I right.

7. Chapter 7

(A/N: Short chapter. Sorry but I've hit a block and y'all deserved something. It's barely 1500 words this time. Hopefully I can put something longer out next time :) Enjoy the Toothcup-y goodness!)

If my arrival here was chaos, breakfast was the apocalypse.

When I rolled out of bed, four hours after I stopped talking to Fishlegs, I was greeted with the cacophony that would be at home in a public school cafeteria, where hundreds of teenagers were talking all at once. I didn't expect that the few people in J rmungadr could make that much noise.

While Camicazi was stealing food off of the plates she was handing to Snotlout and Astrid, Ruffnut and Tuffnut were clawing at each other and shouting profanities.

"Fucking dickweed!"

"Yeah? Well you're an asshat!"

"What the fuck gave you the goddamn right to fucking do that?!"

"She was hot! She thought I was you!"

"She was drunk! That's fucking sick you shitbiscuit!"

"Pardon me for _carpe_ing the _diem_!"

"I'll shove a _carpe_ up your _rectum_ in five fucking minutes if you don't apologize!"

"To her, or to you?"

"Yes!"

As they continued to squabble, I trudged over to the breakfast bar and plopped my head on the cool counter. "Y'get used t'it," Camicazi commented as she sidled up to me. "This's a milder argument, believe it or not."

"Mild?" I croaked, "What does a bad one sound like?!"

She paused and, after a moment's thought, shot me a wicked grin. "Ever 'ear two cats fightin' over a female in 'eat?" I shook my head. "Well like that, only s'loud as a freighter."

I still have no point of reference...

"I'll make th' traditional 'angover blend for ya'! Ya' look like ya' got run over by a rhino." She chirruped, flouncing away with glee.

I'm not hungover, just congested. I grumbled internally. Apparently, it's okay for them to drink at this age. Rock stars are above the law.

Well...that or Fang just doesn't give two shits. Maybe a combination of the two.

Just as I was bemoaning my existence and seriously considering shoving one of the _very expensive and sharp-looking_ butcher knives from the kitchen hilt-deep into my skull, someone pulled up the chair next to me and sat down. A bottle of something appeared in my peripheral and I tilted my head up to look. It was Tylenol Cold and Flu and the person who sat it next to me was Toothless.

"You look like you need it," he supplemented when I raised an eyebrow at his offering of pharmaceuticals.

"Funny," I mumbled, "because it seems to Camicazi that I am in need of a hangover cure."

"She has hypo-thyroid disorder and never gets sick, so she thinks anyone even remotely ill is hungover. That's the only time she feels like shit so she assumes everyone is like that." He chuckled, "I, on the other hand, know allergies-and-or-a cold when I see one."

I mumbled a thank you and downed two tablets dry. Choking the bitter pills down, my eyes started to water and my throat dried up. Fortunately Camicazi arrived with the hangover cure; unfortunately, it was mostly mineral oil and Tang.

Toothless burst into laughter as I gagged on the concoction. "Is your headache gone?" He asked through gasps of laughter.

"Yeah," I coughed, "as is most of my dignity and my taste buds."

"It does work on hangovers though," Toothless admitted as he waved Camicazi over and ordered breakfast for two. "It's just nasty as Hel." Ruffnut and Tuffnut had finished scuffling and settled down to a competitive eating contest. Snotlout said something offensive to Astrid and she had slapped him across the face then moved to another table. He was currently dealing with a wounded pride and a wounded cheek, all alone.

Toothless and I sat in semi-awkward silence as I tried to process the fact that no, it was not a dream and yes, I was talking to the manager's son. Fucking bizarre...

"You okay?" Toothless placed his hand on my shoulder, jostling me out of my stupor. I nodded and he grinned broadly, "Glad. If you had gone catatonic on me, I might have had to feed you to 'Cazi. She loves unconscious virgins. It's a delicacy to her kind."

"_My kind?!_" Camicazi squawked.

"_Virgin?!_" I hollered at the same time. Toothless dissolved into giggles, snorting into his freshly-delivered banana crÃ¢pe. "What?!"

"It's kinda obvious," Ruffnut remarked through a mouthful of pancakes.

At this point in time, everyone in the dining area had not only heard the exchange, but were joining in on the "make fun of Hiccup" train.

"How so? You have no proof!" I rebutted.

"Dude," Tuffnut said, "you're ranked fifth place nationally for 'Legends'."

"If _that_ doesn't scream 'virgin', I don't know what does...", added Snotlout.

"Plus you're a _fanboy_. Fanboys never get laid."

"David Tennant got laid, and he got in trouble for writing Doctor Who essays in school!" I countered, cheeks and ears heating up under the assault.

"David Tennant is famous," Camicazi countered.

"But he was a fanboy first! And anyway, my sex life is my fucking business, not yours! Drop it!" Never in my life had I been so assertive. I was surprised with myself!

But they didn't stop. Not until Astrid said something.

"_Enough!_" She slammed her hand down on the table she was sitting at, eyes narrowed in cold fury. The room finally fell silent. "His

sex life is none of your damn business. And another thing: if you have enough time to squabble with each other, harass the new kid, and embarrass him in front of everyone," she made blatant eye contact with Toothless, who nonchalantly stuffed the rest of his crÃ¢pe in his mouth, "you have enough time to be practicing for the next recording session. The last one was an absolute disaster! We didn't even get one song finished. The only one who put any effort into their performance was me, and the rest of you slackers just goofed off! Despite contrary belief, Fang does have to pay for us to use that equipment. Therefore the least you can do for him to show your respect is to be serious for once in your life and practice your piece!" Finished, she stormed off to her room, leaving behind a stunned crowd of teens, myself included.

"Well that was a mood-killer...", Ruffnut remarked. Tuffnut nodded, but they did walk off to the practice room. Snotlout gulped down the last of his coffee and wandered off after them, mumbling something about how she was right because she was always right when it came to these sort of things. Toothless just wolfed down his food and dashed off, not bothering to make eye-contact with me. That bastard.

I faced the breakfast bar and dug into my crÃ¢pe, tears blurring my eyes. School, here, looks like I will always be a big fucking joke! Camicazi just sat her arm down on the counter next to my plate. "Dun't cry. I'm sure that you'll get laid eventually..."

I wiped my hand across my eyes and sniffed, "It's not that. I just...guess I'm not any cooler here than I was over at Berk High, huh...Don't know why I thought it was going to be any different."

She chuckled and I started at the sweet sound coming from the otherwise-harsh girl. "Ya' just gotta' let 'em make their own opinions of ya'. It takes time. otherwise they'll just be graspin' at straws and won't come up with anythin' good or 'onest."

"You really think so?" I nibbled at my food again, feeling foolish for crying in the first place. Not that crying was bad, but more that I did it in front of someone else.

"When I first got 'ere, they thought I was some sorta li'l girl ta' be picked on. When I broke Snotlout's arm three weeks la'er, they changed their mind. Jus' giv 'em time." Camicazi swiped a syrup-covered banana. "'Sides...the only one who's a huge ass all the time is Toothless."

That got my attention. "Really? 'Cause he seemed nice to me...well. He was before he called me a virgin and laughed at me." I tried to think of one moment where I could dislike Toothless aside from that and found none. Whether it was because he was haunting my (admittedly gay) dreams, or that he was just nice to me was unclear, but I had never seen him be anything but courteous to me and my needs.

"That's cause 'e's got dibs on ya'."

Wait, what? "What do you mean 'has dibs on me'?" I was starting to get angry again. What the hell did that even mean?!

"Well, y'see, 'is birthday is in a few days an', as ev'rybody knows, 'e 'as these ridiculous birthday gifts. After his last birthday we

thought he couldn't top it, but turns out 'e found ya' on th' net and decided 'e wanted you for 'is birthday. An' Toothless always gets what 'e wants." She tugged the plate away from me and finished my meal as I gaped at the information just given to me.

I wasn't accepted because I was good. I wasn't accepted because I was lucky. I wasn't even accepted because something was finally going right.

I was accepted into this band. Purely. Because. Toothless. "Claimed." Me.

Fuck this shit. I was done.

(P.S. A/N: I'm an asshole ;3)

8. Chapter 8

(A/N: This is really short and really late and I'm sorry. Uni has me on edge-finals are coming up and I am doing less-than-stellar in the grade department. On top of that, I've gotten a second job and I have to work most of the week so it's just one thing after another. Good news though: I should get another chapter of something out by next month. 'm not sure if it'll be this or Penitence & Patience or even the Truth About Shadows, but I will have written something by May. Hopefully before then.

To those of you who reviewed and asked me to update: here you go. This story is not, nor will it be, abandoned. I will finish this if it kills me (which it may). I hope you all enjoy this. :3)

That bastard! That **fucking** bastard! I swore inside my head as I wheeled my things to the curb. I was somewhat pleased that my stuff wasn't unpacked all the way because it made it easier to gather up and get out of there. No one tried to stop me from leaving on my way out except for Toothless but I wasn't going to listen to a word he had to say.

"Hiccup!" He had called out, but I ignored him. Camicazi, Ruffnut, Tuffnut, Astrid, and Snotlout's just watched me go, looking only mildly interested. I guess no one had ever said "no" to Toothless the sex god before.

He called out to me again and I snapped. I whipped to face him and began giving him a piece of my mind. "Now you listen here you shitbiscuit! You pick me as your birthday gift and expect me to just thank you?! Ohhh **thank you so very much** Night Fury! **Thank you** for allowing me this **wonderful** chance to suck your dick! Is that what you expected from me when I found out?! Gratitude?!"

"No, Iâ€" "

I cut him off, "Oh wait, you never expected me to find out at all! Instead, you expected me to just go on my merry way, believing that I got somewhere because of my talent, and not 'cause some immature, spoilt, rich brat decided he wanted me as some sort of human sex-toy! I suppose I should thank you though," my voice got dangerously low as I continued railing on him. "Now I know the truth;

and the truth is that you, Toothless, are a spoilt little dick who thinks the world revolves around him and I never had any talent to begin with. Oh thank God for that revaluation so early on! Now I won't get delusions of grandeur! Now I know I'm just a worthless little virgin **nerd**." I pulled away from him and pulled my phone from my pocket, face burning with embarrassment and fury. "Now if you'll excuse me, I have a phone call to make."

Toothless opened his mouth one last time but, after seeing that I was not going to give in, he gave up and walked away. Everyone else dispersed as well, all the drama over and done with, I suppose. I opened my contacts with shaky fingers and looked for who I was going to call. Gobber was working, so that was a no. Fishlegs didn't have a vehicle due to his mother's obsessive (and rational) fear of him running away. That left Dad, since I had no other contacts in my phone that lived in Berk. I pressed 'CALL' and waited for the dial tone to end. After a few agonising seconds of silence, he picked up.

"Ye'? What is it, Hiccup?"

I couldn't hold it in any longer. All the pain and betrayal and anger I had bottled up burst out of me in a stream of tears and snot. "Dad," I sniffled, "Please come pick me up."

That got a reaction out of him, _"What's wrong?! Did they hurt you?! If they did, ah'll hafta' have a talk with tha' 'Fang' fellow! He promised me you'd be safe!"_

"It's not that," I hiccupped, "I...they lied to me..."

"How so?" I heard him get up from wherever he was sitting and exit the room he had been in. _"Becau' is this is one big prank an' they never intended to let you sing in the first place, ah'm gonna have a very ****intimate**** interaction with Fang."_

"I'm not really talented...I'm just there because Toothless wanted me..." How else was I supposed to explain this to my dad? Knowing how he reacted in certain, less threatening situations, if I told him exactly what Toothless wanted me for, he'd come over and castrate him. Which...now that I was thinking about it...wasn't a bad idea.

There was a large pause. I heard him drop his keys and sit down, then he took a deep breath and sighed. _"Hiccup, you ****are**** talented."_

"No I'm not! I didn't get in on my own!"

"Jonathan Horrendous Haddock III, you listen t'me and you listen well." Oh no. He used my full name. Shit, shit, shit. _"You are talented. Ev'r since you were a babe you had an affinty for music. When your mother would sing, you would light up li' a Christmas tree an' try to sing along. For your fifth birthday you wanted a guitar an' when I got you one, you go' better an' better at it. When you were ten, you asked for music creation software. Whenever I would look up, you brough' me some new piece of music that you ha' written an' each one was better than the last. You are ****far more**** than just talented. You are ****gifted**** an' anyone who tells you otherwise is a damn liar."_

I rubbed my eyes and wiped my nose with the back of my hand. "But what do I do about this? I'm being used!"

"How long have you wanted to do things with this ban'?"

"Forever..."

"An' how long have you been writin' tha' genre of music?"

"Forever..."

"Are you gonna' le' some shitty brat ruin your dream?"

"...no?"

"Make the best of this situation an' push through. Even if they didn't recruit you for your talentâ€"which is a damn shameâ€"they'll keep you for it. Don't let them win. Soldier on an' just keep goin'. Make them appreciate you for your talent. Make them ****need**** you for your talent. An' when they finally see you for the genius you are, you'lll have won." While Dad is not the most conventional of fathers out there, he is the best I could ask for and he gives a mean motivational speech. _"It's like when you an' Fishlegs went against that JÃ¶tunnar durin' the ****Forming of Midgard**** event. It looked bleak an' everyone around you had said that your under-leveled Dragonkin wouldn't survive, bu' you found the programmed move loop and figured out a way to exploit that. That lead to you an' Fishlegs bein' the only survivors an' the winners of th' event. Remember?"_

I remembered that. Out of the three hundred PCs that tried to kill the JÃ¶tunnar, Fishlegs and I were the only ones remaining. Not only did we get a shitton of EXP, but we also got event class-specific weapons and the title "JÃ¶tunnar-Slayer" added to our PCs. I still had my Bracers of Eternal Winter in a chestâ€"mainly because I had a better weaponâ€"and there was a signpost next to the static remains of the JÃ¶tunnar that read "Here lies the conquest of the JÃ¶tunnar-Slayers: Hamrammr and Fafnir". It was a great day for me and I spent the next week excited about whatever other events Dad had planned for Midsummmmer Fesitval in _Isle of Berk_.

"Yeah..." I admitted, sniffing slightly. My tears had stopped but my nose was still running and my eyes were puffy and swollen from me crying.

"You ou' th' same amoun' of tenacity in thi' as you did slayin' the JÃ¶tunnar an' you'll blow them away with your skills."

I straightened up. He was right! How _dare_ I let some shitty rock star ruin my self-image?! I was good at what I did, and what I did best was music! "I'm gonna do it, dammit."

"Good boy." I could hear the smile in his voice and was warmed by it. _"Now you go back an' you kick tha' Toothless boy's ass. You prove to them tha' a Haddock doesn't run away, an' there is nothin' scarier than an angry Haddock."_

"I'll do just that." I grabbed my stuff and started to head back into the mansion. "Love you Dad."

"Love you too son. Stay safe."

"Will do." And with that, I hung up. Pocketing my phone, I steeled myself for the stares and questions I would get upon reentry and stepped over the threshold. _Fuck them. Fuck them and their stupid fucking prejudices. Fuck Toothless in particular. Just...fucking fuck him, the dick._ I was going to take my life back, no matter what kind of abuse I face. I was going to make it big and then he would be sorry. And if that asshole came on to me again, I was going to shove my foot so far up his ass that he would be tasting his own shit for months.

I was going to beat the odds. If only I knew how much work actually went into being a rock star.

9. Chapter 9

(A/N:I am putting a warning here because I feel it needs it: There is a sex scene and an insensitive slur in this chapter.

In other news: CONGRATULATIONS! You guys have been lucky enough to get a chapter early (for me)! WOO-HOO! TWO UPDATES IN ONE MONTH! FUCKING MIRACLE!

I hope y'all enjoy this. :3)

I have come to the conclusion that Astrid is a slave-driver. No matter how hard I try, no matter how hard I push myself to hit those notes, she's always dissatisfied with my progress.

"Were you taught how to sing by a tone-deaf seagull?! That was not an A-flat. That was a B. How do you miss a note that badly?! Try again, starting with 'passing o'er all our faults'." Her arms were crossed as she stared me down and bossed me around.

God forbid I actually be decent... I took a deep breath and she smacked me on the noggin with a rolled up _Rolling Stones_ she had been reading. "What did I do?!" I shrieked, indignantly rubbing my head. It didn't hurt physically, but my pride was stinging.

"Draw air from your diaphragm. Your chest should expand and your shoulders need to remain level. Otherwise you're breathing wrong. Again."

I rolled my eyes and took a breath, making sure to draw from my diaphragm and not raise my shoulders to my ears. "Passing o'er all our faults rises up the All-Father. Wisdom he has now acquired by giving up his precious eye." My eye twitched as I held the A-flat as long as was required. As I began to run out of air in my lungs and the note started to taper and weaken, Astrid made another lunge at my head.

"You expended your air too quickly. What you should have done was take a sharp inhale right between 'All-Father' and 'wisdom'. That way you wouldn't have run out of breath so quickly. Do it again." She leaned back on the wall behind her and unrolled her magazine, lazily

flipping to the page she was on before she chose to wield it as a weapon against me.

I rubbed the spot where she hit me and eyed her nervously. "Why am I training with you again?" Not that I was complaining, I did like her after all; but like I said earlier: she was a slave-driver. A pretty slave-driver. Like a reverse Slave Leia. _No, bad Hiccup! Bad! Don't have sexual thoughts about your band-mate while she's standing there! Even if you have crushed on her for forever. Just no! Now would be a ****terrible**** time to pop a boner...just...think about dead kittens. Dead, eviscerated kittens._ Now would be a bad time to find out I had a gore kink.

"Because," Astrid drawled as her eyes flicked from page to page, "you're a singer and your range is right near mine in terms of highs and lows. Plus," she added, locking eyes with me for a minute, "you absolutely refused to have anything to do with Toothless."

"_Damn skippy,_" I growled. "That little shit is not coming anywhere near me."

"Understandably. Now: back to your singing. From 'passing o'er'. Try and control your breathing and remember: from the diaphragm!" She counted off and I went at it again.

And again.

And again. And again. And again.

I practiced that song, my breathing, and controlling my vibrato for four hours. By the time I was done, I had consumed five water bottles and Astrid looked very pleased with herself. She had finished her magazine after the first hour of practice and had taken to harmonising with me and trying to show me what a concert would feel like by screaming as loud as she could. I had apparently attained a level of skill that pleased her because she had eventually stopped bonking me on the head whenever I did something wrong.

The session was ended by Camacazi waltzing in with a shit-eating grin on her face and knocking Astrid on the head. "Mum wanted me t'tell ya that lunch is ready. Oh, and Ruffnut and Tuffnut need t'be told too but I ain't goin' in there since they have some fans with them."

"Female?" Astrid asked, unamused. When Camicazi nodded, she rolled her eyes and sighed deeply. "How many."

"Well there were two but one of them left after screamin' sumthin' about how Ruffnut had a dick." Camicazi shrugged, "The other one hasn't come out yet."

"I'll go get them. Hiccup, you go tell Bertha that I'll be a few minutes." Astrid waved in my general direction and then started to leave. Camacazi as well.

"Wait!" I called after her. She stopped and raised an eyebrow. "Where would I find Bertha?"

"She's prolly in th' kitchen but if you can't find her there, then she'll be in the break room. Third door on th' right, just past th'

main hallway." Camicazi answered me, smiling. Then she dashed out the door and ran full-tilt towards the bathroom while muttering something about having to see a man about a racehorse. Astrid just sauntered out of the practice room and headed towards the living quartersâ€”presumably Ruffnut and Tuffnut's room.

I wandered the hallway to the kitchen, wondering exactly how I was going to talk to Bertha about Astrid being late when I heard noises from the room that Camicazi had labeled the break room. The door was closed but I figured, knowing Bertha was indeed "Big-Boobied Bertha" from Isle of Berk, that she would be playing Isle of Berk alone in the dark, as was the customary way to play it. I walked up to the door and pushed it openâ€”

â€”only to be greeted with the most horrifying sight I had ever seen.

Lying on the floor, looking rather uncomfortable, were Ruffnut, Tuffnut, and some brunette dude. Butt-naked. Having sex.

Tuffnut had himself buried balls-deep in the dude's ass, looking like he was going to blow a load at any minute, while Ruffnut was being sucked off. The dude, who I assumed was the 'female' Camicazi was talking aboutâ€”an easy mistake to make considering there was a skirt and crop top along with a padded bra in a pile in the cornerâ€”was cumming all over the carpet and looked like he was having the time of his life. He was moaning and groaning and panting out Ruffnut and Tuffnut's stage name in-between deep-throating Ruffnut and breathing.

While I was taking in the horror of the situation for that brief moment, Ruffnut locked eyes with me and winked. "You wanna join?"

"Uhhhhhhh...", I slowly closed the door and rammed my head against the wall until I saw stars. "I just need to forget I ever saw that..."

"Ye saw 'em fucking didn't ye?" A raspy voice asked. I turned towards the voice to see a heavy-set woman wearing a maid outfit smiling down at me. I nodded slowly and she chuckled, a warm sound that reminded me very much of Dad. "I try not t'use the break room when they have 'fans' over, simply 'cause they use it as an orgy room. Not pretty, was it?"

I swallowed heavily and shook my head. "I have never been so embarrassed in my entire life..."

"They asked ye t'join 'em?" I nodded and she laughed again. "When my 'Cazi first saw 'em doin' that, she was asked to join in too. Her response was to knock 'em out and loot their clothes. She made an extra hundred fifty that day."

"Bertha?" I asked. She laughed again and shook her head in what I assumed to be amusement.

"They told ye t'find me, didn't they?" When I continued to stare blankly at her, she just sighed. "Yeah I am. Ye're Stoic's kid, aren'tcha? Tell th'ol' coot t'stop bugging me for money! I already payed for th'monthly subscription to th'game, I don't need any more

fees!"

"Honestly," I rubbed the back of my head, wondering whether or not I really should tell this imposing woman this, "money's been a bit tight and he figured if he offered up character modsâ€"like keeping your rigging error or creating a Chinese Long-styled Dragonkinâ€"for money, he could make ends meet."

Bertha was unimpressed. "'E's not getting any more money outta me."

I figured she would be like that, if Camicazi was anything to go by. "He'll keep trying to fix the rigging error for your character, you know."

"He may as well try."

Just as my conversation with Madame Bogburgler had reached peak awkwardness, the door to the break room opened and Ruffnut, Tuffnut, and the dude they were banging exited, looking slightly disheveled. Tuffnut's hair was pulled back into a messy, loose braid while Ruffnut's was wild and flying free. The dude was walking like he had a vibrator up his ass though, and he looked very pleased with himself.

"Thank you, again." He gushed, straining over the 'you' of thank you.

"No prob'," Tuffnut scoffed.

"Anything for a fan," Ruffnut added.

The dude waddled off as fast as he could, skirt tented, right past the approaching Astrid and Camicazi and out the door. Camicazi watched him go, an eyebrow raised in confusion. "Oh," was all she said.

"You found them before I did," Astrid remarked, lookingâ€"for all the worldâ€"nonplussed.

"_Yeah_," I groaned.

"Where's Snotlout?" Bertha inquired of Camicazi. Her daughter rolled her eyes in disgust.

"Liftin' weights. 'E said 'e wanted to get ten more reps in b'fore 'e came t'lunch."

"Fine then. Ye all can have his share." The twins hooted in excitement. "It's a bit simple. A romain-lettuce salad topped with herb-rubbed smoked salmon and dressed with a raspberry vinaigrette." She gestured to the dining hall, "Places are set for ye already. Go eat."

That's a simple meal?! Damn! Ruffnut and Tuffnut dashed into the dining hall and dug into their plates while Astrid sauntered to her place with all the regality of a queen. I just grabbed a seat as close to the door as possible and pulled out my phone to chat with Fishlegs while I ate.

****'Sup bitch?****

It wasn't too long until I had a reply.

nm****

>still a lil bit depressed bout horrorcow_

> saw him with HER today_

> fucking bitch...got to screw him..._

> missing u_

Shit. Without me there to balance out his weird-ass mood-swings, Fishlegs had a tendency to spiral into maddening depression. Especially since his mom was...well...his mom.

****Dude tell me all about it****

>Just like damn though

> Was he macking on her?! Like full frontal tonsil hockey?

> Cause thats just ew...

Man this is some good food...I should tell Dad about Bertha...

nah just holding her hand****

> and she was big yo!_

> like a fucking beach ball had gotten shoved into her size three dress_

> yanno?_

****I know the feeling**

>Did I tell you that Toothless is a huge dickwad? Cause he is.

**** _details_ ****

If there was one thing that could cheer up Fishlegs, it was dirt on someone. I was taking one for the team and I didn't give a shit.

****So you know how that video from school was what caught Fangs attention? Well turns out that Toothless saw it and decided he wanted ME for his birthday.**

>Like I was some kinda male prostitute!

wtaf?!****

> so the only reason u got into jormungadr is cause hottie mcsex-god wanted to bone you?!_

> that's effed up!_

****Tell me about it.****

look, love u an all but i gotta go!****

> mildew's giving me the stink-eye and u know what that means._

> xoxo_

****Talk to you later!****

Just as I set my phone back on the table and dug back into my salad, the twins sat down at the table I was at. _Oh shit oh shit oh shit..._

"Hey," Tuffnut said, red colouring his cheeks.

"Hi?"

"Look...I wanted to thank you for, y'know, being so chill about earlier."

"About what?" My cheeks were heating up as I remembered the way their fan was moaning in time with their thrusts.

"Not being weird about the whole 'chick with a dick' thing," he supplied. "And for not flipping the fuck out when you walked in on us. I'm not some sort of exhibitionist or whatever so that was...weird and you not screaming made it less weird."

"I'm an exhibitionist," Ruffnut said slyly.

"I-it's all right." I stammered out, nervous under Ruffnut's scrutiny. Tuffnut had already explained he wasn't into me so I could relax a bit, but his sister was a bit more open about her affection. It made me uncomfortable. I should address that eventually. "I mean, I'm not into voyeurism so walking in on you three was awkward but the whole cross dresser thing was okay. Dudes can dress how they want. So can chicks."

"Yeah, but that was actually a girl born male, yanno?" Tuffnut was looking as awkward as I felt. I guess he was nervous about breaching that subject with me on account of his sister being born male.

"So?" He visibly relaxed. "Back in middle school there was this girl named Eunice Fitzherbert who never felt female. One day he started dressing like a dude and taking testosterone pills and whatnot. Fishlegs and I were the first people to call him Flynn Rider and we kept him safe whenever he used the guy's bathroom. He transferred when high school started 'cause we couldn't, you know, _protect_ him from the transphobic assholesâ€"being weak-ass nerds and all. We still talk and he's got a girlfriend now. Girls with penises and men with vaginas are whatever, you know?" I shrugged. Tuffnut relaxed.

"You're a'ight, yanno?" He chuckled and stole a piece of salmon off of my salad. "Later!" Then he got up and walked off, heading towards the showers.

Ruffnut bent over the table and planted a kiss on my lips, quick and chaste. "Thanks," she whispered. Then she waved at me and walked away, hips swaying.

_That may have been the most awkward two hours of my entire life..._My face was definitely red now. I shoveled the rest of my food down and walked my plate to the kitchen. Bertha looked shocked to see me there.

"Ye don't need to bring your dishes here. That's what 'Cazi's for."

"Oh. Well the food was great. Thanks." I smiled at her. She smiled back.

"You're welcome. Thank _you_."

Now, I decided, _I am going to take a shower and work on some composing. I've had enough of singing for one day._ Time for some well deserved rest.

And I didn't see Toothless once that day.

10. Chapter 10

(A/N: A chapter in May! This has only been a month wait! Congrats for sticking with me for so long! As a reward: some Toothless/Hiccup interaction! Y'all are very welcome! Hope y'all enjoy it and I look forward to hearing from you! Whether you liked that chapter, didn't like the chapter, or want me to update quicker, drop me a review or a PM! :3)

"So out of all of the JÃ¶rmungandr members, you're better friends with Tuffnut than anyone else?!" Fishlegs' voice hitched, never leaving that 'my mom is asleep' volume, as I continued to talk to him about the events of the past week.

"Weirdly enough...yes. Apparently my acceptance of the trans community made him decide we were worthy of being friends. Ruffnut still hits on me, which is creepy, but other than that, she's pretty chill too." I rolled over on the bed I was now calling mine and sighed.

"What's with the sigh?"

"I dunno...", I whined. "I guess I'm just still sore about the whole 'you're just here to be Toothless' fuck-toy' thing..."

"Have you even **seen** Toothless since you chewed him out?" I could hear the gossip-lust dripping from his voice. I let out a sharp bark of laughter and rolled over onto my stomach.

"No. Camicazi says he's sulking or avoiding me or something. She says it's 'cause he's never been told 'no' on his birthday before. Ruffnut thinks it's because he wanted to bone me the _day of_ his birthday but Tuffnut thinks he's just being a prick." I could _feel_ the unspoken question buzz across the line so I filled him in. "Astrid doesn't divulge her feelings on such trivial matters"unquoteand Snotlout just called me a pussy and went back to practicing the runs in "Valkyrie" so yes, those were all the opinions I gathered."

"Speaking of Astrid: have you made a move yet? I need to know if you have so I can brag to Thuggory and Dogsbreath and Dagur that **my** best friend is dating Deadly Nadder." Ugh...like I needed Dogsbreath or Dagur knowing anything about my private life. Thuggory was...okay, I suppose. He didn't torment me, but he wasn't nice to me either. Kinda...ambivalent.

"It's none of their business whether or not I'm dating anyone, but no. I have not yet made a move. To be completely honest...Jack was

right. She is _married_ to her work and I don't think I had any chance with her to begin with!" My voice pitched up as I continued to vent my anxieties to my best friend.

He snorted, remarking, "_So who are you picking as your new love-interest?! Ruffnut? Camacazi? **Toothless?!**"_

"_Fuck no!_ The hell is _wrong_ with you?!" Seriously though?! What would possess you to believe that I would do that, after what he did to me?!" My hands were trembling as I stood up and paced my room to calm down. Me bringing it up was one thing, but he pointedly brought it up to irritate me and, best friend or not, that made it hard for me to talk to him.

"_Whoa! Calm down there Hiccup! I was joking._"

"Some kind of _joke_ that was, huh!" I hissed in response. He swallowed and I could feel the tension over the line. It hurt for him to bring it up but it would hurt more to lose him as a friend. "Look," I sighed, "it wasn't funny, okay?"

"_Yeah...sorry..._" Fishlegs apologised.

There was a long stretch in which neither of us said a word while we collected our thoughtsâ€”or I did, anywaysâ€”but it was broken when I had a brilliant idea.

"You wanna come visit?" I asked, excited at the prospect of seeing Fishlegs again. This was the first time since we became friends in which I didn't see 'Legs on a daily basis, so I was missing him bad.

"_How? You know my mom and you know how nice that place is! She'd beat me within an inch of my life! Plus how would I get in?!_" He whisper-shouted through the phone line.

"If I can walk in on a three-way with three dicks, I think you can get in. Besides, with the exception of Astrid and _Toothless_, everyone in J  rmungadr has had at least one fan visit them. And...pleasure them." Fishlegs laughed and I smiled broadly. All was forgiven.

"_So what's the deali-o? How's this gonna work?_"

"Well just tell the bear that you're going to my house and I'll come pick you up from the Kill Ring and whammo-blammo! We'll have ourselves a sleepover at casa del Renson." I was walking in circles now, though more excited than before. There was a soft snort from the other side of the line when I said "whammo-blammo" but Fishlegs' breathing had evened out and was reaching that even, slow, sleepy rhythm. It was time for him to sleep...even if it was noon-ish. The bear and finals must've been keeping him up. Also today was Friday and a student holiday, so plus. "You get some rest 'Legs," I commanded gently.

He yawned. "_Okaaaaay...talk to you later? We'll work out the details then..._"

"Right. Talk to ya later." Then I waited for him to hang up and hung up myself. Taking a deep breath I exhaled through my nose and threw

my phone onto the bed, flopping down next to it. Fishlegs was a strangely high-maintenance friend. While he didn't outwardly show it, he was very sensitive and had separation anxiety when it came to his friends and loved ones. Even his cunt of a mother, despite all the abuse he received from her; if she left he would probably dieâ€”most likely at his own hand.

Still, I had to talk to him and reassure him we were cool every so oftenâ€”not that it was that much of a hassleâ€”so he would feel secure and not be afraid I was going to leave. I was his only friend outside of Horrorcow. Now he didn't even have Horrorcowâ€”despite seeming nonplussed about it.

Speaking of...I rolled over to my phone and opened up the 'net browser, pulling up Facebook. I eventually found Horrorcow's profile and began to read his timeline. Even as far back as a few weeks ago, when he and 'Legs were still dating, there was nothing on his timeline about them as a couple. Nothing.

There was, however, a couple conversations between him and his ex-now-fiancee @ and several other girls. And about midway between the breakup and when they first started dating, there was a post that read:

Update on my queer-baiting experiment. It's not gay if you don't fuck, right? So the little faggot wants to have sex and I'm like "hell naw!" There's no way I'm doing anal! But he totally thinks we're an item AND he doesn't have a fb so he'll never know I'm not that into him! lol_

I see red. I see blood red as I find his number. I see fiery red as I save it to my contacts and start a strongly-worded message to him. I see arterial red as I hit send and throw my phone back on my bed, exhausted. It's only noon... I grumbled to myself as I hauled my skinny ass out of the really comfortable bed and out the bedroom door.

My socked feet lead me down the main hallway and to the rec-room, running on auto-pilot as my brain tried to recharge from that horrendous display of temper. That, of course, lead me to run face-first into someone.

I backed up, rubbing my nose, and apologised loudly. "Wow, okay...sorry! I just wasn't looking where I wasâ€”" my words died in my mouth when I saw who it was.

Toothless _

Toothless looked, for a better word, unkempt. Before, when he had been trying to woo me and make me his, his clothes had been steamed designer numbersâ€”soft silk shirts in varying shades of dark green and straight-legged pants with penny loafersâ€”and his long black hair had been pulled back in a short ponytail that hung between his shoulder blades. Now he was wearing a white V-neck that was stained with something that looked like alcohol, grey sweatpants, and his hair was disheveled and hanging all over, untamed by any sort of rubber band or brush. His usually vibrant green eyes were dull and had bags underneath them that could hold a gallon of milk each. When he saw me, he rubbed his eyes and weakly tried to flash a charming grin. His breath was rank.

"No problem," he said, running his hand back through his hair in an attempt to peacock. "I wasn't looking where I was going either." I was frozen as I tried to decide whether to hit him or just ignore him. But I also was thinking about the integrity of Jǫrmungandr as a whole, and how Astrid seemed a bit distressed that she hadn't seen Toothless practicing yet. _What to do?..._

He saw my lack of movement as an attempt to converse with me. "Look, Hiccupâ€"

"No, _you_ look," I interrupted him, regaining my composure in time to prevent him from guilt-tripping me into forgiving him. "What you did was _despicable_ and morally _wrong_. You had _no right_ to manipulate me in that way, nor did you have any right to assume _ownership_ of me as if I was an _object to be won_. Butâ€" I continued, just as he was about to interject some excuse or other, "â€"there is no reason for me to constantly ignore you. We are band-mates and we need to be able to at least _put on_ the _appearance_ of tolerating each other. Therefore I am calling a truce. I'll stop avoiding you like the plague and you give up on the idea that I'll _ever_ let you have your way. Deal?" I offered him my hand, waiting for a response.

He just stared at me for a minute; I guess he was stunned I even bothered to talk to him after the silent treatment I had given him. And the truce thing must've thrown him off a bit because I could see smoke coming out of his ears. After a few seconds of awkward silence, I looked down at my hand and offered it to him again.

"My hand's getting tired. Better shake on it now!"

That pushed him and he grabbed my hand with both hisâ€"less than perfectly manicuredâ€"hands and pumped my arm up and down enthusiastically. "Okay!" He grinned, suave as before I found out about his "birthday gift". "A truce. But don't think I won't just stop liking you."

"You like the _idea_ of me." I retorted, pulling my sore hand out of his grasp and stepped around him, continuing my trek to the rec room. "You don't know me."

"So let me know you," he called after me.

"Take a bath, put on some decent clothes, practice your parts, and maybe I'll consider it," I tossed over my shoulder. Then I made it to the rec room, plopped down in a chair, and leaned back.

Assholes really take it out of me...

11. Chapter 11

**(A/N: !WARNING WARNING WARNING! **

** Do you remember that HUGE-ASS trigger list at the beginning of the first chapter, way back when? Well here is where some of the more...dicey things come into play. There are hints at something BAD and, at risk of spoiling the chapter and a plot point, PLEASE go to the bottom of this note and reread the (condensed) trigger list. I

don't want to trigger anyone but this is necessary for the plot. PLEASE, if ANY of those things trigger you, SKIP this chapter. When I post the next chapter, I'll make sure to lightly reference what happens, but here, in this chapter, the emotion is harsh and raw and I don't want to trigger anyone since the subject may hit close to home for some people.**

**In summation-DO NOT READ THIS CHAPTER IF ANY OF THESE THINGS TRIGGER YOU:

>Soft drug usehard drug abuse, sex/mentions of sex/explicit descriptions of sexual situations, rape, mentions of sexual paraphernalia, phallic/morbid/disgusting or otherwise offensive imagery, racist jokes, gay jokes/slang/bashing, religion wars, alcohol, swearing, emotional tension, familial issues, homosexuality, heterosexuality, bisexuality, examples of bullying (verbal, physical, and emotional), abuse (physical, mental, emotional, and sexual), mentions of/contraction of sexually transmitted diseases, possible character death, self-harm, adultery, or mental-disorders.)_**

"Again." I took a breath and began to sing the chorus for "Valkyrie".

"Take me up to Valhalla where I'll dine with the kings of ages past and forever be remembered as a proper warrior. In Valhalla at the kings table where cowards dare not tread. In the mead hall where the gods share drink with ancient mortals, dead." Next to me, Toothless crooned the main part while I sang a new set of harmonies they wrote for me. Astrid was not pleased with my attempt.

"No. Wrong. Do it again." I frowned and she elaborated, no less bluntly than before. "You were ten cents sharp and Toothless was four cents flat so the resonating of your harmonies was awful. Again." We complied; she was not amused...again. "Wrong. Again."

"Hold on!" I interjected, "I was in tune that time!"

"But Toothless was purposely five cents flat. Your tones clashed again and the resonating wave made my teeth hurt."

"How is that my fault?!" I asked, catching a smug grin from Toothlessâ€”the bastard.

"You always match pitch with the lead vocalist. Even if the lead vocalist is being an asshole and is ludicrously flat." Astrid was glaring at Toothless, who exuded an air of innocence.

"I just wanted to test him. Better he learn to harmonise now rather than on stage." Toothless said. (A piss-poor excuse if I've ever heard one.)

"Well don't. He needs to sing in tune," Astrid reprimanded him. Toothless just grinned like a mischievous child. "Again."

And so we did. Again and again and again I practiced that part until I had emptied out several bottles of water and was sweating like a horse. When we finally stoppedâ€”Astrid satisfied with my ability to hold a tune, my knowledge of where to breath, and my ability to harmonise without blowing anyone's ears outâ€”Astrid stood up and left without so much as a goodbye, leaving me alone with

Toothless.

Since I called a truce, Toothless had cleaned up to his regular suave self. His shirts were pressed, his pants were steamed, and his hair was clean and pulled back in his signature ponytail. He still was trying to woo me, however, and it was more obvious now that I was aware of his intentions. Usually it was little things: not being an ass for ten seconds, offering me various foodstuffs, inviting me to his belated birthday shindig, et cetera. Sometimes it was bigger things like him complimenting me on my looks, offering me various tips on how to sing more like a JÃ¶rmungandr member, or even offering to promo my songs. I rejected him at every turn and it frustrated him (though it brought me great joy).

Toothless and I shared a long stretch of awkward silence until he gave me one of his (what I had learned to mean) 'fuck me now, I'm a god in bed' smiles. "So Hiccup," he crooned, leaning closer to me in his chair, "I heard on the grapevine that you're having your friend Fishlegs over for a sleepover."

"If by 'grapevine' you mean Camicazi, then yes. I am having Fishlegs over." I replied curtly.

His response was to laugh and fold his hands on his lap as if he were in the presence of royalty. "I do mean Camicazi. She is incredibly useful for gossip. Plus she's usually spot-on."

"She needs to mind her own damn business."

"When is he coming over? I'd _love_ to see everyone's reactions to him. He is such a _special_ boy."

I bristled and tensed in my seat, my hands clenching tight enough for my stumpy fingernails to almost cut into my palms. "He'll come over when he comes over," I hissed. With controlled and practiced motions I stood up and exited the practice room, chest heaving from the effort of not punching his damn perfect teeth out. _No one_ talks about Fishlegs like that. _**No one.**_

My phone beeped, a shrill three-note tone that told me it was a text from Horrorcow. I glanced down and grimaced. He was pissed.

Ever since I found out about his queer-baiting with Fishlegs yesterday, I had been arguing with him via text messages about how big of a fucking prick he was and how I hoped that bitch he was datingâ€"not the ex he had supposedly knocked upâ€"would give him more STIs than humanly possible. Full-on cancerous herpaghonasyphillAIDS. Thankfully his phone was on MetroPCS and he couldn't block my number or I'd be fucked. All he knew me as was "that asshole who attacked me outta the blue for having some fun with a fag"â€"direct quote.

** _so what makes u think ur ny better than me?! just cause ur a fag hag u think ur hot shit? lol you queef_ **

I seethed. _Damn asshole!_

**First off: I never said I was better than you. I just said you were fucking Neolithic pond scum for doing what you did, especially considering that he probably loved you. Second: I'm not a 'fag hag'.

I have a vested interest in the MOGII community. Finally: queef? I think you might have an autocorrect problem my friend.**

I locked my phone again and walked down the hallway to my room. As soon as I shut the door, I slumped against it and sighed heavily. Interacting with that asshole was no less difficult than it was when Fishlegs was dating him. Or 'dating' him, as it turned out. I tolerated Horrorcow just because I like 'Legs too much to hurt him like that. Now that I don't have to, I'm not pulling any punches. Not any more.

My phone buzzed, the distinct vibration pattern I made for 'Legs, so I picked up. "Nyello?"

Fishlegs sounded upsetâ€"no, more than upset. He sounded distraught. As he mumbled into the phone, my face slowly paled then reddened. There were some parts where I couldn't hear him through his hiccupping and sobbing but I got the gist of what was going on and, oh boy, was I pissed. After assuring Fishlegs that I'd be there as soon as possible, I found Camicazi and demanded she tell me where Fang was. She complied.

****YOU DO NOT NEED ANYONE'S APPROVAL EXCEPT YOUR OWN****

When Windwalker pulled into the parking lot of the Kill Ring, I could see from my window that Gobber was furious as well. His face was red, causing his wild blonde beard and eyebrows to stand out sharply, and he was pacing back and forth. Fishlegs was sitting at one of the card tables, wrapped in a blanket, with a small bag of clothes next to him. He looked empty and I didn't blame him.

"Tha' fookin' mis'erable shit!" Gobber swore as I jumped out of the Renson's limo and ran toward him. "I swear, I swear tha' if she comes look in' fer him, imma bash her damn head in!"

If this had been any other time, I would have told Gobber off for swearing and threatening to kill someone, but it wasn't. And I felt that way too.

"How is he?" I asked, gesturing to Fishlegs, who was hunched over and shudderingâ€"most likely crying.

"As to be fookin' expected. Torn-up an' he's unresponsive. He called ye an' stopped talk in' after tha'. Jus' been sittin' there, zoned out." Gobber gestured to 'Legs and then back to me. "Wha' d'you plan t'do about it?"

"Take him with me." I nodded my head in the direction of the Renson's limo. "He needs support and he needs to be as far as fucking possible from her. If Fang refuses to let him room with me, then I'll move back in with Dad and he'll come along."

"Seems th' best plan a' action," Gobber agreed with me. He knew, better than anyone, what Fishlegs' mom had done to him. "Th' screams though...he called me cause he was scared an' his mum was bein' loud an' angry, more so than usual. I didn't expect that though..."

"No one did..." I pushed the door open and stepped in, past the large collection of new comics and into the main area where 'Legs was sitting. "Fishlegs? Are you awake?" Are you okay? I thought but the

question would have been pointless as he was decidedly not okay. A soft nod was the only answer I got but that was all I needed. "Look, you're gonna come room with me at the mansion."

"What if," he asked, so low I could barely hear him, "they don't let me?"

"Then I'll move back in with Dad and you'll still live with me. He and Gobber'll make sure nothing happens. I promise" I didn't touch him, no matter how much I wanted to comfort him in that way, because of the way he leaned away from me and the way he curled in on himself and the way that he wouldn't meet my eyes.

"But what if," he continued, voice hoarse from crying, "she reports me as a runaway?" He began to shudder and tears pooled in his lap.

"We won't let her. We'll tell the police or anyone else who tries to get at you that you're not there with her because of what she did to you."

Fishlegs wiped away the tears on his cheeks and finally met my eyes. His eyes were red and puffy, one of them swelling and purple. I notices finger-shaped bruises forming on his neck and hickeys on his collarbone. You've suffered enough already...just say yes..._

"You'll really protect me? All of you?" God he sounded piteous. I wanted to cryâ€”noâ€”I wanted to fucking murder his mother for what she did to him. Fuck her, that fucking **cunt!**

"Yeah. Me, Gobber, Dad; we all care so much about you!" I refused to say 'love you' for fear of how he might react. No doubt that was a phrase she used today. Shitcrust. "Will you come with me? Windwalker is here to take us back to the mansion, no questions asked." He nodded. "I'll get your things and you go on ahead. I need to talk to Gobber"

Fishlegs walked towards the limo and got into the back seat after Windwalker opened the door for him. When I was sure he was secure, I grabbed his bag and joined Gobber outside again.

"He spoke."

"Barely," I admitted. "And he was hoarse. Those bruises though..."

"She's strong."

"How did he get away? With his things, no less?"

"I beat her over th' hear with a lamp an' packed him a goin' away bag. He just ran when I tol' him t'go." Gobber's gaze never left the limo.

"Did you call the cops?"

"Yeah. What kinda' idjit d'ya think I am? I called 911 ASAP an' tol' em tha' they weren't gonna lay a hand on th' boy before he felt ready, but that I had assaulted her to get him away; an' that if she

wanted to press charges, I'd take her arse t'court."

I smiled, half-heartedly, and then hugged him. My arms barely went around his neck and I was standing on my tip-toes, but I was hugging him and he knew how much that meant to me. "I'll keep you updated. You and Dad."

"I'll keep her away."

"Good."

With that, I joined Fishlegs in the limo and directed Windwalker to take us back to the mansion. The ride was silent the whole time.

End
file.